

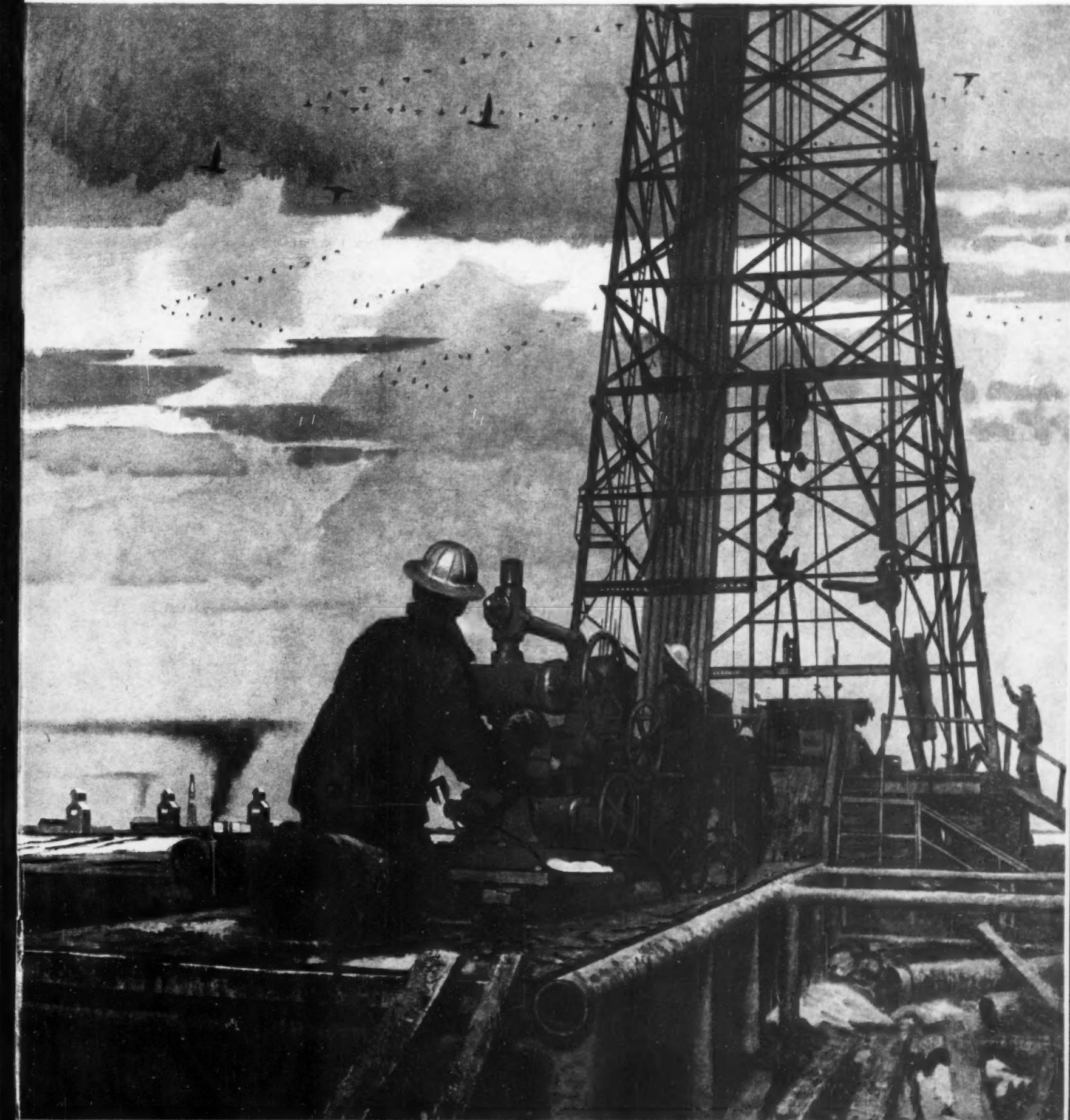
MACLEAN'S

APRIL 15 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

THE FOOT-AND-MOUTH EPIDEMIC
Who is to Blame?

MICKEY SPILLANE'S GIVING
MURDER A BAD NAME

I was a Prisoner of the Chinese Reds

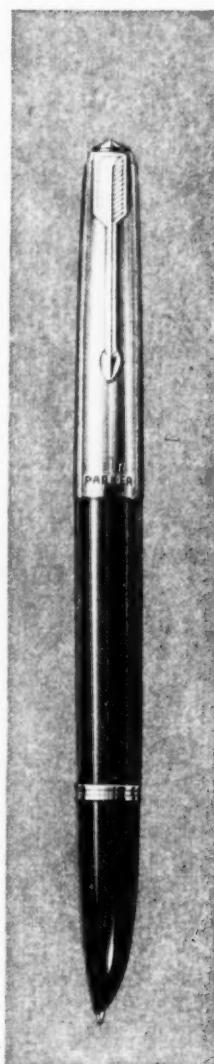




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EDITORIAL

OUR TV'S HAMSTRUNG BEFORE IT STARTS

WITH the advent of television on the CBC this summer we Canadians will embark on one of the greatest spiritual adventures in our history. What we do with television in the next few decades, and what television does with us, will be one of the four or five chief factors in the shaping of the Canadian mind and soul.

It is with the utmost dismay, therefore, that this magazine predicts Canadian television is going to be a serious disappointment. Our certainty on this point does not stem from clairvoyance. It stems from the simple preposterous fact, clearly visible long before the first program is visible, that the CBC has been given one kind of job to do and is proceeding to do it under broad general designs which are certain to produce a vastly different kind of job.

The building plans for Canadian television are an architectural absurdity; its owners, the Canadian people, have instructed the CBC, in effect, to build a Taj Mahal and supplied them with blueprints for a sawmill.

We have made television a national property for the same good reason that we made radio a national property. In mapping the course of radio we thought, rightly, that we'd get better programs and a greater variety of programs if we made the needs of the people as a whole the chief determinant of our programming policy and allowed the needs of commercial sponsors to play a supplementary role.

The justification for national radio, maintained at the national expense, has been that it filled a gap in our national life which would not have been filled by private radio. Under this principle the one test every CBC program should be required to pass is this: Does it make sense? There will always be disagreement over the ultimate question: Is this a good or a bad program? But on the first question the yardstick is relatively easy to apply. No CBC program makes sense if it

uses the taxpayer's money to bring him something which is already made available to him, free, by private radio. Conversely, every CBC program makes sense when it offers the taxpayer a type of listening which would not be available to him, or available only in minute quantities, if the CBC were not in existence. When the CBC gives us Wednesday Night and symphonies and debates between Religion and Science it is discharging its proper function. When it gives us sponsored commercial programs of a type not already loading down the air waves it is also discharging its proper function. When it gives us soap operas which the average listener can hear on any one of four or five non-CBC stations, when it gives us disc jockeys playing the same records by the same crooners already besieging us on a dozen other channels, when it beguiles us with the same commercials already beguiling us from other directions, when it does these things the CBC is actually spreading the programming practices it was created to counteract.

It is all too apparent that Canadian television is destined to be confused and hamstrung by the same basic inconsistency which has prevented Canadian radio from realizing its full potential. Like radio, television has been nationalized on the premise that we don't want the profit motive to determine its programming policies. It should, in our opinion, accept profitable programs if in addition to being profitable they fill a gap that would not otherwise be filled. But, like radio, Canadian television is already committed to the necessity of scheduling many programs for no stronger reason than that they will show a profit. On those terms, the most we can hope is that Canadian TV at its best will be as good as Canadian radio at its best and that at its worst it will be as sleazy, redundant and superfluous as another invitation to keep your breath kissing-sweet.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Artist **Bruce Johnson** who did the picture for the fiction story, *The Courting of Jenny*, page 18, is a Toronto painter working for a Toronto commercial studio. He is a veteran of the merchant marine and the RCAF. **Dr. Stewart Allen**, who tells his story on page 14, comes from a Maritime family with a theological background. One brother, **Rev.**

Harold T. Allen, is a United Church minister in Port Hawke, B.C., and an uncle, a missionary, died in Chile. . . . **Robert Thomas Allen**, writer of the piece about **Dusty Miller**, the hard-rock miner, on page 20, went to Florida for the winter where he apparently spent a good deal of his time going to the dog races and framing friendly gibes at friends in the snow-shovel belt. . . . So far as we know the first Maclean's story to be dramatized for TV will be *Guardian of the Clock*

by **Robert Zacks**, from the issue of June 15, 1947. Zacks had the story to **Lucky Strike Theatre**, run by **Robert Montgomery**. The Cover: **Franklin Arbuckle** wrote to us on his return from the Alberta oil fields: "The subject for the cover was found on the farm of **William Borys**, near Calmar. The workmen were assembling that red mechanism in the middle of the painting, called a Christmas tree and which, I was told, was meant to control the expected flow of oil. After I got back to Edmonton I spent an hour scraping off mud."

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Cover: Painted by Franklin Arbuckle

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"My beautiful work-less floors

give me more time
to enjoy life!"



"Lots of housework is floor-work," I told my husband when we were planning our new home. "I want less of it."

"Then how about linoleum?" he asked.

"In the kitchen and hallways, of course," I said. "It's so easy to keep clean."

"Why only there?" he asked. "Why not less floor-work throughout the house?"

"Well . . ."

He went on to explain. He had been making enquiries, he said, and found that linoleum is a *basic* flooring like hardwood. Laid over first-grade softwood, it is a permanent floor adaptable to every part of the house. And, more than that, with its variety of colours and patterns, linoleum is a flooring *and* covering combined, needing only scatter rugs where you want them.

"In fact," he said, "linoleum is an ideal base for colour schemes. We can have floors like nobody else, our own ideas in every room in the house."

So that's what we did, and I'm delighted with the result—beauty, economy, more time to enjoy life!

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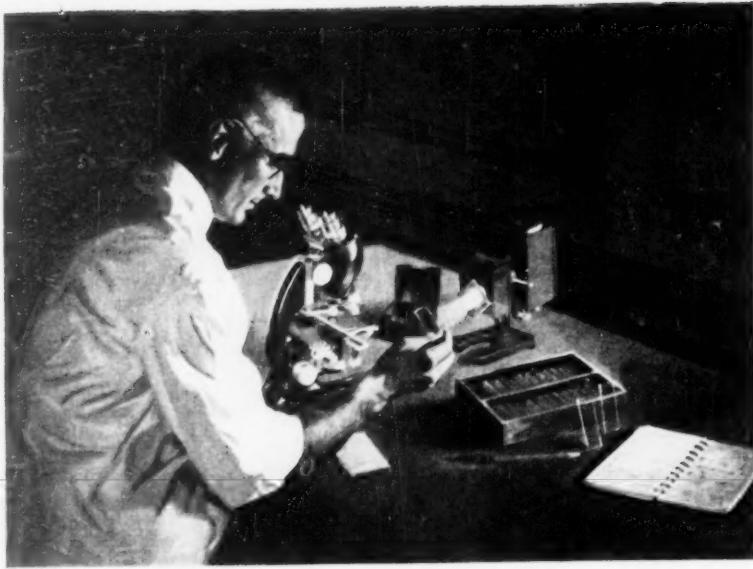
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How you can help conquer CANCER

Year after year, the outlook for controlling cancer grows brighter. Scientists are learning more about how and why cancer occurs, and are developing new methods of diagnosis and treatment. In addition, centres for the early detection of cancer are being increased; additional hospitals devoted exclusively to its treatment are opening, and greater numbers of doctors are being trained to combat cancer more effectively than ever before.

As a result, hope for greater gains runs high. Even now there is progress to justify this hope. For example, if diagnosed early and treated promptly and correctly, authorities say that 98 percent of cancers of the skin, 80 to 90 percent of cancers of the breast, and 85 percent of cancers of the rectum are curable. Cancer of other parts of the body also is being treated with greater success. In fact, it is estimated that thousands of lives are now saved each year from cancer — lives that, not so long ago, might not have been spared.

According to some cancer authorities, present cure rates could be doubled if those who develop cancer would seek medical help in time. This calls for greater public knowledge of cancer — particularly its possible "warning signs." While the symptoms of this disease are variable, no one should delay seeing the doctor if any of the following signs occur:

- 1 Any sore that does not heal promptly.
- 2 A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
- 3 Unusual bleeding or discharge.

- 1 Any change in a wart or mole.
 - 2 Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
 - 3 Persistent hoarseness or cough.
 - 4 Any change in normal bowel habits.
- (Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.)

These "warnings" are NOT sure signs of cancer. In fact, relatively few people who have such symptoms are found to have the disease. Yet they indicate that something is wrong, and that the doctor should be consulted. Should his examination reveal cancer, prompt treatment with X-ray, radium, or surgery — used separately or together — will greatly increase the chances for cure.

Moreover, since cancer may start without any "warning signs" at all, periodic medical check-ups may help to safeguard against it. Such examinations are especially important for people aged 50 and over.

Doctors say that this important precautionary measure should never be neglected, even though a person may feel perfectly well. In this connection, the experience of cancer detection centres — which examine *only* seemingly healthy people — is reassuring. These centres report that only one out of every 100 people examined has cancer and, since the disease is usually detected early, the chances for cure are greatly increased.

Today, by facing the facts about cancer, overcoming fear of it, and acting promptly when the disease is suspected, cancer may be controlled or cured in many cases.



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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 42-M, entitled, "What You Should Know About Cancer."

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LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



Bax doesn't want to see U.S.-style television on the English airwaves.

NO SOAP FOR THE BBC

IS GREAT BRITAIN going to allow commercial sponsored programs on radio and television? That is a question which will be debated not only in Parliament and in the Press but in the unofficial parliament of the pubs. The life of the present BBC charter is ebbing peacefully to its close and we have to decide whether to renew it or to open the gates to commercial sponsors.

The existing situation is that there are roughly twelve million radio sets paying an annual license fee of one pound each, and a million and a quarter television sets which pay a license fee of two pounds each. To complete the statistical record it will be seen that the BBC has an annual income from listeners and viewers of approximately fourteen and a half million pounds.

There is no competition within the corporation, and there is only one employer for technical and administrative staff and only one employer for what might be described as the entertainers. Thus you may, in your opinion, sing like Caruso or be a funnier comedian than Jack Benny but if the BBC does not think so you can sing to the moon or caper for a herd of cows because there is no place for you on the TV screen or the air of Britain.

It is quite true that there is the concert hall and the vaudeville theatres, which the British call music halls, but the radio has become such a popularizing medium that without it the singers and comedians have little chance of profitable employment elsewhere. The same thing applies in the department of talks and brain trusts. You may have the wisdom of Solomon and the voice of Laurence Olivier but, if the BBC does not think so, you are out.

Having carefully stated all this I must in fairness confess that it is not

wholly true. There is a radio station at Luxembourg which is controlled by British interests and gives recorded programs in English sponsored by British advertisers. Therefore the BBC ban on an artist cannot prevent him coming in from Luxembourg. It is reckoned that the listening British public for this pirate station numbers from three to four million, in spite of the fact that in southern England, including London, the reception is very bad.

It is inevitable that a monopoly such as the British Broadcasting Corporation must endure not only criticism but charges of favoritism, discrimination and, among minor officials, a certain amount of bribery but not on a big scale. The plugging of song hits offers an obvious chance for band leaders to earn something on the side, and I have known a hit to be plugged by so many dance bands that one turns off the radio to escape from going mad. But let me emphasize that, on the whole, British broadcasting has been conducted with a surprisingly small amount of petty bribery.

On the other hand its monopolistic character has certainly made tyrants out of some officials who were never intended by nature to be bigger than gnats.

Strangely enough, the case against the BBC was greatly strengthened by the sudden death of King George VI. Within a few minutes of that sad event the announcer told us the King was dead and then added: "The BBC is now closing down except for announcements at 12 noon, 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. and the usual gale warnings and weather reports." All programs were canceled and rightly so, but to create a gulf of silence broken only by the same announcement of the King's death and the changing weather reports was a deplorable

Continued on page 26

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

How Wide is the Split over NATO?

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

SO FAR the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand, but some people in External Affairs think they see an end to the sunny harmony, the all-party approval which has supported Canadian foreign policy ever since the war. Sharp differences of view are emerging about the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

All parties support NATO in principle. The CCF led even the Progressive Conservatives in endorsing it when the treaty was signed in 1949. Social Credit, suspicious of all international organizations, made a rather grudging exception of the Western defensive alliance. Not until this spring have any strong notes of dissent been audible.

Then, just as Parliament opened, the CCF national council issued a resounding blast against the decisions taken at the Lisbon meeting of NATO in February. "Irresponsible . . . disastrous . . . military objectives incapable of being reached . . . the very attempt to reach them would wreck the economy of every European member of NATO"—after three paragraphs in that vein the statement concluded: "A halt must be called, before it is too late, to the control of NATO by the military and by certain American influences which jeopardize the peaceful and defensive objectives which brought the organization into being."

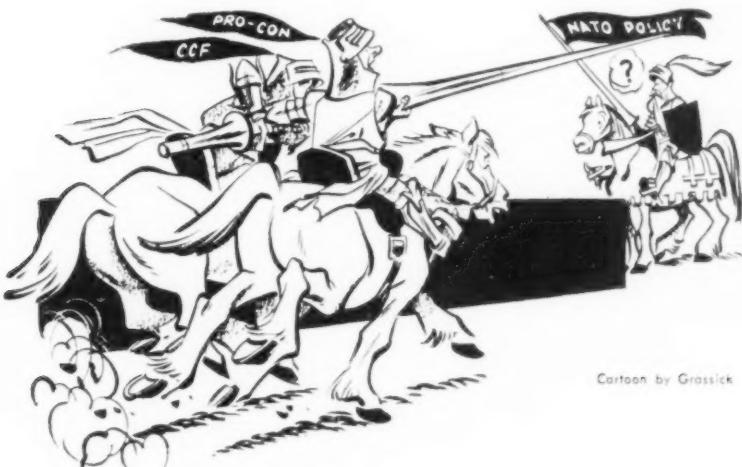
First reaction to this was orthodox enough. George Drew, opening the debate on the Address for the Progressive Conservatives, roundly denounced "the amazing declaration of policy by the Socialist party"—"Our sights must not be set lower, but much higher in terms of real hitting power," he said.

But then M. J. Coldwell, the CCF leader, got up to reply. He'd been present when the statement was drafted, he said, and he approved it. His party still supported NATO, still supported all of Canada's commitments made in 1951, but "we have watched with a great deal of concern the recent developments in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization." And he quoted Winston Churchill and The Times of London in support of his opinion. The Times had said, of the Lisbon communiqué, that it combined "the maximum amount of provocation with the minimum amount of deterrent effect."

As Coldwell left the House that evening a leading Progressive Conservative came over to say "I couldn't disagree with anything you said tonight." Other Conservatives had the same reaction. As word of this Opposition solidarity got around it led reporters to take another look at George Drew's speech.

Barring his explicit attack on the CCF statement Drew's opinions bore a strong resemblance to Coldwell's on several points. He too had denounced the Lisbon communiqué (which was merely the announcement of the Lisbon "decisions" attacked by the CCF). The CCF had called the objective of fifty divisions this year "irresponsible and disastrous," because "incapable of being reached." Drew said, "If we were to accept a statement of that kind we would simply be deluding ourselves; most certainly it will not fool the Russians."

Coldwell and the CCF had called for more "economic rebuilding" instead of "crippling and excessive military preparedness." Drew urged "some . . . Continued on page 49



Cartoon by Grassick

Parliament rubbed its eyes as Drew and Coldwell hit together.

They'll say: "Just what I wanted!" ...and mean it!



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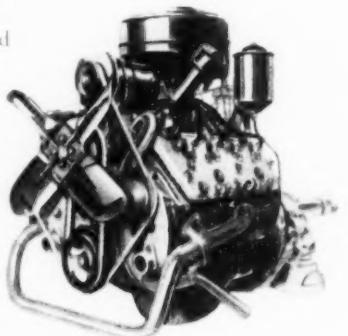
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1952 **Monarch**

WHO IS TO BLAME FOR THE Foot-and-Mouth EPIDEMIC?

When the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease was suddenly made public in February, Maclean's assigned two of its editors to get at the facts behind what threatens to be a major economic calamity. Fred Bodsworth flew to Regina for an on-the-spot report. Blair Fraser, in Ottawa, dug into the political implications of the outbreak. Their joint findings are presented on the following pages in the form of answers to what the editors consider are the eleven most important questions

STORY STARTS NEXT PAGE ▶ ▶ ▶





Above: Newspapermen covering the slaughter of infected cattle scrub off in footbath of lye.
Below: Riflemen from the RCMP kill foot-and-mouth victims near Regina. Bulldozers dug the pit.



Dr. I. M. Dryden, a Regina veterinary, inspects a calf's mouth for telltale vesicles (blisters).

By BLAIR FRASER and
FRED BODSWORTH

Was there negligence in dealing with the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease?

Yes—on two counts. Two federal departments were at fault. Immigration officials have not taken proper precautions since the First World War to see that immigrants coming to Canada did not bring the disease with them. The Department of Agriculture allowed the epidemic to spread for two and a half months before seeking conclusive proof of what it was.

Why did Agricultural Department veterinarians hesitate so long before sending material for the laboratory tests which would have produced a correct diagnosis?

Government vets themselves have no explanation for this except to say that their own top officials didn't think it necessary. They were satisfied by their field tests, and by the fact that the first cattle to be infected recovered quickly, that the disease was vesicular stomatitis.

Unhappily the Agriculture Department is so organized that the Health of Animals Division, which employs the veterinarians and does the field work, is quite separate from the Animal Pathology Division, which employs the scientists and does



Dr. K. Wells (right) maps out the eradication campaign for Regina chief, Dr. N. D. Christie.



Sorrowful farmers drive sick cow to the death pit. In two weeks twelve hundred were killed.

the laboratory work. Dr. Thomas Childs, head of the Health of Animals Division, had a telegraphic report of the outbreak on Dec. 1 and a detailed written report on Dec. 7. Dr. C. A. Mitchell, head of the Animal Pathology Division, first heard of it on Feb. 14, three days after Childs had left Ottawa on vacation. There was no common immediate superior to whom both men report, and who might have asked either to get the other's opinion on these alarming reports from Saskatchewan.

What were the precise steps taken to diagnose the disease?

Last Nov. 26 a Saskatchewan farmer named Leonard T. Wass walked into his big red barn for the morning milking. His farm was at McLean, Sask., thirty miles east of Regina, and Wass was running it alone.

Wass noticed three of his thirty-four cows were refusing to eat. By Nov. 28 he found twenty-four of them had tongue blisters and were giving very little milk. Wass remembered the epidemic of vesicular stomatitis that swept Saskatchewan and Montana in 1939. These were the symptoms.

He called Dr. H. Richards, veterinarian of Indian Head, who was sick in bed but prescribed a laxative by telephone. Two neighbors came over to help Wass administer it.

On Dec. 1 the cows were no better. Wass called Dr. Harold Hunter, of Regina. Next day Hunter picked up Dr. E. E. Carlson and Dr. Norman James, government veterinarians of the Regina bureau, Health of Animals Division, and drove out to the Wass farm.

Hunter, Carlson and James all thought the cows had vesicular stomatitis, but they did not merely take it for granted. Even before going to Wass' farm James had reported to Ottawa the appearance of "a suspected contagious disease." Childs sent back immediate orders for a thorough examination which James duly performed.

He gathered material sloughed off the tongues of infected cattle and brushed it into the tongues of two of Wass' five horses. This is a routine field test to distinguish vesicular stomatitis from foot-and-mouth disease. Horses are even more susceptible than cows to stomatitis, but they're immune to foot-and-mouth. If a horse reacts to inoculation, that's taken as proof that the disease is not the dreaded scourge but the relatively mild, relatively commonplace stomatitis.

By a fantastic and still unexplained stroke of misfortune Wass' two horses did develop symptoms that looked like stomatitis — small blisters on tongues and gums. Meanwhile, by the same ill luck, the twenty-four infected cows apparently recovered. By Dec. 8, the same day as the symptoms appeared in the horses, all twenty-four cows had normal temperatures and a milk flow restored almost to the level of Nov. 25. Small wonder that James reported to Ottawa: "I am now satisfied that we are not dealing with a dangerous infectious disease and I recommend that the quarantine be terminated." It was.

No one was really surprised when, four days later, one of the neighbors who had helped Wass give his cows their medicine reported two of his own cows, and one bull, frothing at the mouth and sloughing skin from tongues. The other helpful neighbor found a calf showing blisters. Both were

quarantined, but both herds recovered quickly and the quarantines were lifted on Dec. 27.

The next development was more alarming. Burns and Co., the big western meat-packing firm, found thirty of the two hundred and fifty-two cattle in their Regina feed lot showing symptoms of stomatitis. The feed lot was quarantined. This was the first outbreak beyond the immediate neighborhood of the Wass farm, and the first known opportunity for a really wholesale spreading of the deadly virus.

It is taken for granted now, of course, that the "stomatitis" was really foot-and-mouth disease. Even now this has not been proved — the cattle in the Burns lot recovered quickly, as the Wass cattle had done, and none of them showed the foot lesions which are characteristic of the plague. However, even Dr. Thomas Childs (who naturally bears the heaviest load of responsibility for accepting the diagnosis of stomatitis) is now convinced that all these early outbreaks were foot-and-mouth disease in a misleadingly mild form.

Whether a prompt laboratory test would have kept the virus out of the Burns feed lot is less certain. The only connection which can be traced between the Burns lot and the Wass farm was the sale of five calves by Wass to the Burns Co. on Nov. 23. This was three days before the first outbreak in Wass' own herd. Presumably, therefore, the virus could have been carried to the Burns lot anyway. But of course it would have been pursued much sooner, and with far greater hope of complete success, had the laboratory test been made on Dec. 2 when Dr. James first saw the Wass cattle.

In any case, the

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Dr. Thomas Childs, director, Health of Animals Division, ordered 2,500-square-mile quarantine.



William Hanley lost a herd of one hundred and seventy from his farm near outskirts of Regina.



Konstantine Haun, who lost 180 head, receives a cheque for \$600 from an anonymous well-wisher.



By ELIZABETH ANN COOPER

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

RAN all the way home. When I got into the house Grandpa was playing with the puppy, and Chloe, the old bitch, was lying in front of the fire, watching as if she was proud of her son. Gramma was the only one who paid any attention to me.

"Go outside an' get washed up fer supper, Buddy."

So I had to go out in back without telling them what I had seen that afternoon. I pumped some water into the old tin basin and splashed it on my face and thrashed my hands around in it, and then I dried myself with the towel hanging from the nail by the back door. Grandpa was still playing with Cappy when I got inside, even though Gramma had supper on the table.

"C'mon, Tom, 'fore everythin's so cold it can't be eaten." Gramma and I sat down at the table. "Tom!"

"All right, all right, Aggie, I'm comin'." Grandpa got up from the floor, brushed off the seat of his pants, and came over to the table. The puppy ran after him and grabbed the leg of his jeans. Grandpa said, "Down, Cappy," and the little fellow flopped down, his legs spread in four directions and his muzzle flat on the floor.

"I think you'd ruther play with that dog than eat," Gramma said, but she wasn't really mad, just trying to be.

"Now, Aggie," Grandpa said, and that settled it. I waited for them to ask me what I'd been doing but they didn't say a word to me. Gramma never did much talking during meals, and ever since Cappy was born Grandpa just watched him and gave him scraps from his plate and played with him. I didn't blame him much, because that Cappy was some pup. There'd been two others in the litter, but they died just a couple of days after they

were whelped. Grandpa said Cappy was the last puppy Chloe would ever have and, besides that, he was the best she had ever had.

"He'll make a fine huntin' dog," Grandpa said.

"What kind of huntin' will you do in this country?" Gramma asked. She always talked as if she didn't like the west, but she really did.

"Why, 'coons an' rabbits—plenty of huntin' here." Grandpa flipped a piece of venison into the air, and Cappy hopped up and caught it. "Smartest pup I've ever had. You watch 'im, Aggie. Another year and he'll be better 'n any hunter you ever saw in the east."

Gramma just made a funny noise and got up to fetch more potatoes. Then Grandpa looked over at me and winked.

I figured this was my chance to tell them about today. "The Blackfeet are settin' up a camp down below the creek."

The Blackfeet camped by the creek and with them trotted the pony that won the boy's heart. But he couldn't let Grandpa pay the price they asked for

That Beautiful E



Buddy watched the Indians ride in and he was quite sure that Walking Eagle didn't see him.

Gramma said, "That means they'll be over here beggin' an' I'll have to give 'em some of our beef." She came back to the table with the bowl of potatoes.

"Many of 'em?" Grandpa asked. He leaned down and scratched Cappy behind the ear.

"Must be twenty or thirty," I said. "There's a lot of kids an' there must be fifty horses. There's one pony—gee, he's just beautiful . . ." I floundered, wishing I could tell them how beautiful that pony was, the way things were described in the poetry Gramma liked to read out loud now and then, "Well, I wish you could see 'im."

Grandpa straightened up and looked at me. "You still hankerin' after a pony, Buddy?"

They had told me I couldn't have a horse of my own until I was bigger. But that had been last year. I was eight now and I figured that made a difference. Grandpa was looking straight at me so

I looked straight back at him without blinking.
"Yes, sir."

I went to bed that night with their words singing in my head like a song you can't forget: Gramma saying, "I don't trust them Indian ponies"; Grandpa saying, "I figgered you'd be satisfied ridin' Bess until you was big enough for your own horse"; Gramma saying, "No tellin' what sort of a horse they'd pass off on you"; Grandpa saying, "Well, we'll see." We'll see, we'll see, we'll see—I fell asleep to that.

For two days Grandpa didn't do anything about seeing and I lived with the fear that the Indians would move on before I got my pony. I even thought Grandpa had forgot about it, but I was afraid to say anything to pester him.

Both days, some of the men from the camp came to the house, and Gramma gave them a couple of sides of beef and some old jewelry that was

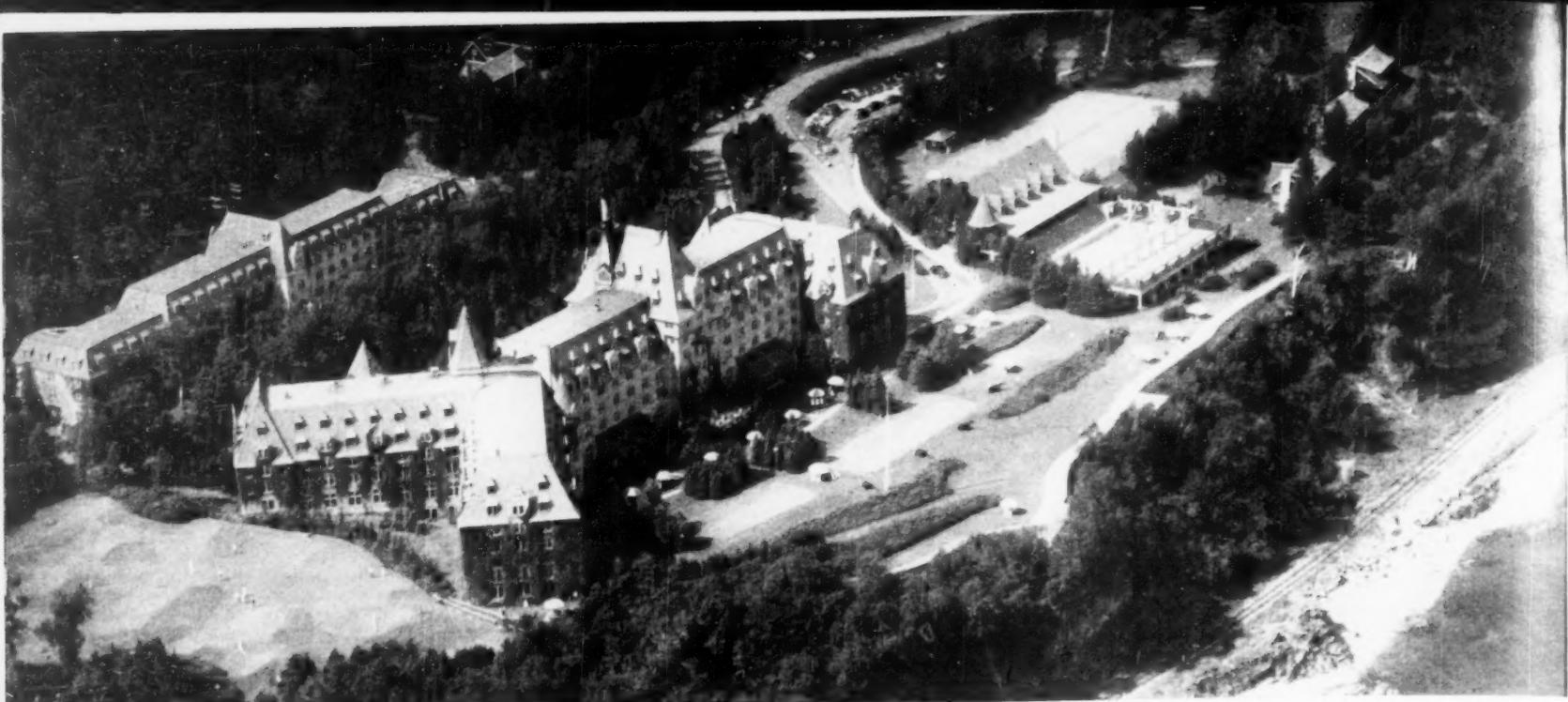
falling apart. The man who did the talking for the group was named John Walking Eagle, and I thought he was pretty wonderful. He was just like the Indians I had seen in picture books back in the east before my mother died. He said very little, and the other men said nothing, and none of them seemed to notice me, but the second day, after Gramma had given them the second side of beef, John Walking Eagle came over to me and handed me a small tomahawk. I just looked at it and couldn't think of anything to say, not even a thank you, until after they had gone.

"That's all right, Buddy," Grandpa said. "Even if you didn't know it you did the right thing." Then he told me to go to bed. I was halfway up the ladder to my sleeping loft when he said, "Tomorrow I guess we'll go down and take a look at that pony."

I didn't do much

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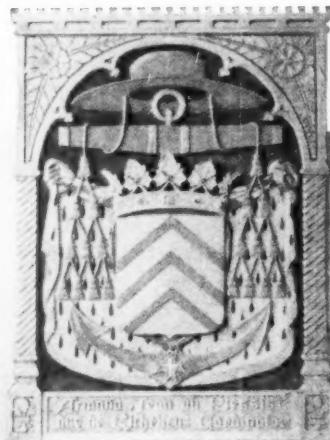
Black-and-White Pinto



THE HOTEL WITH THE ELEGANT AIR

By KEN JOHNSTONE

*You may speak with awe of Shepheard's
And the Savoy in the Strand
And boast of caravanserais
From Banff to Samarkand
But at the Manoir Richelieu
Soundproof champagne flows like beer
And lambs eat salted grasses
For Brenda Duff Frazier*



OF ALL THE devices used in Canada to ensnare the American tourist dollar the plush resort hotel is perhaps the most impressive. Across Canada, strategically situated in locales of almost stupefying beauty and surrounded by all the amenities and comforts traditionally associated with vacation, a dozen multimillion-dollar investments stand as beacons in the wilderness. All of them are luxury hotels and all of them enjoy a large American patronage. But of the whole glittering galaxy in Canada's super-resort crown the brightest jewel by far is that sparkling on the side of a mountain along the St. Lawrence River, the Manoir Richelieu at Murray Bay.

The Manoir does not achieve its pre-eminence from such tangible factors as superior facilities or attractions. But there is an air about it not duplicated anywhere else, and it is that atmosphere which first intimidates and then finally captivates its visitors, changing passing birds of flight into homing pigeons for years on end.

One has only to walk through the lobby of the Manoir to become aware of its peculiar quality of old-world elegance and unobtrusively wealthy leisure. It breathes up from the period furniture and oriental rugs and it radiates from the careful deference of the staff. You walk carefully not to disturb the ghosts, when a live one peers at you from over a newspaper, or looks up enquiringly from its canasta when you pause at the door of one of the games rooms off the lobby, you are inclined to retreat to Vazlav Van Brozik's huge painting of Columbus at the Court of Isabella. Then, realizing you are not in court clothes, you slink out abashed.

Partly the atmosphere is calculated, partly it is a tradition. The tradition comes out of the historical background of Murray Bay, or La Malbaie as it is better known in Quebec. Here, history says, in 1608 Samuel Champlain brought his fleet to anchor in the broad bay on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, about ninety miles below Quebec. A sudden storm threatened some of his ships and Champlain thereupon named the spot La Malbaie, or "Bad Bay." Following Wolfe's victory General Murray turned over the two seignories in the district to two of his officers, Col. John Nairne and Col. Malcolm Fraser, and the district was renamed Murray Bay in his honor.

Murray Bay rapidly gained its reputation as a summer resort. As early as 1791 Nairne wrote



As at all resort hotels, the scenery surrounding the Manoir Richelieu presents an unparalleled vista.



Old Manoir (above) burned down in autumn of 1928. But a new one sprang up by the following July.



Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor and Lady Jane helped to rarify Manoir Richelieu's atmosphere.

a Montreal friend: "You shall drink the best of wheys and breathe the purest sea air in the world and, although luxuries will be wanting, our friendship and the best things the place can afford to you, I know, will make ample amends."

Whey is no longer served at the Manoir Richelieu but there is ample luxury to replace it, and the sea air has not changed. About thirty years ago the late President of the United States, William Howard Taft, testified: "The air of Murray Bay invigorates like champagne without that beverage's 'morning after.' "

Between the period of these two observations Murray Bay, and with it the Manoir Richelieu, created that unique background which is such a great part of its charm today. Families from Quebec and Montreal began to make the summer pilgrimage regularly as far back as a hundred years ago. Among the first to settle in the district as permanent summer residents were the Buchanans, the Blakes, the Henshaws and the Lambas. They were later joined by American summer residents, among the first of whom were the Tafts. The former American President, who later became U. S. Supreme Court justice, seems to have attracted with him a considerable wing of the American judiciary, for Justices Harlan and Hughes became regular visitors. Nor were Canadian legal lights lacking. Murray Bay counts among its present and former summer residents Justices Sévigny, Marchand, Letourneau, Greenshields, Fitzpatrick and Cannon.

At first the summer visitors found accommodation with local residents or stayed at the modest

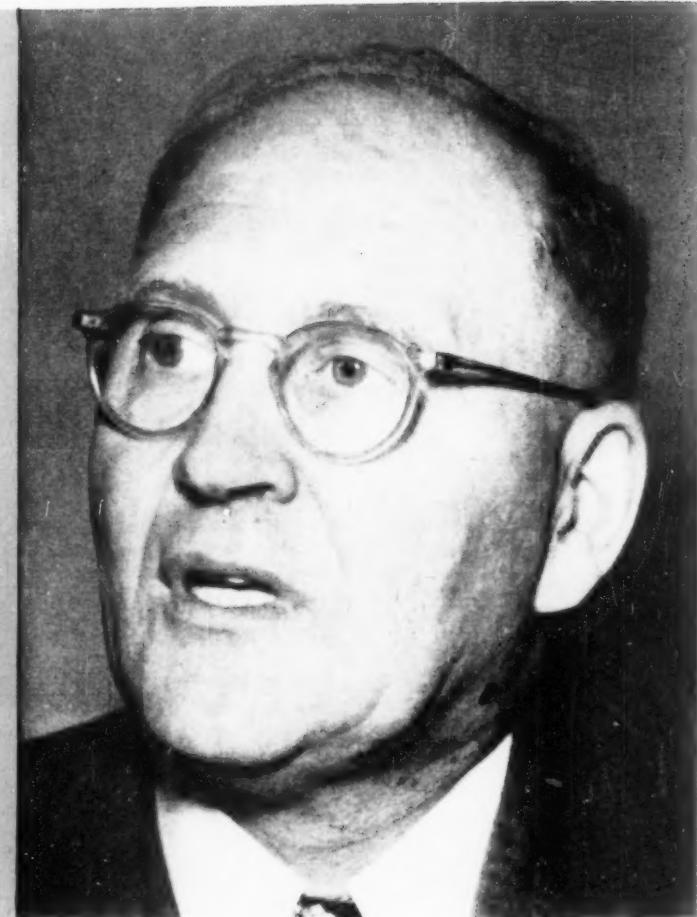
Lorne House on the site of the present Manoir. Then they began to build their own magnificent summer homes and the steamship line which brought them to Murray Bay then the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, now Canada Steamship Lines bought up the desirable site of the Lorne House and built its first Manoir Richelieu, an impressive wooden structure of two hundred rooms. That was in 1901. The summer residents built their homes along the mountain, eastward from the Manoir, and the road which led to their palatial residences became known as the Boulevard.

Today the signposts at the entrances of the Boulevard homes offer a good cross section of Canadian and American upper crust. There are the (Dominion Corsets) Amyots of Quebec City, father and son; the socialite Bancrofts of New York and the ditto Binsses of Washington, who count a rear-admiral in their gathering; the two elderly Blaikie ladies, one of Toronto's oldest families; the leading Montreal legal lights, the Buchanans. Then there is Mrs. F. H. Cabot of the Boston Cabots, no less, with her considerable family which she has settled in elegant homes over the Fraser seigniory. Charles Cannon, MP, represents the Magdalen Islands, and the Caverhills of Montreal are of the old wholesale firm of Caverhill and Laermont. Roddy Choquette of Montreal is the laundry king and John D. Coffin of New York, former Hearst executive, has built several paper mills in Canada. Sidney Dawes is the head of Atlas Construction, currently working on Toronto's subway. The Donohue family of Quebec City—George, Mark and Charles—have

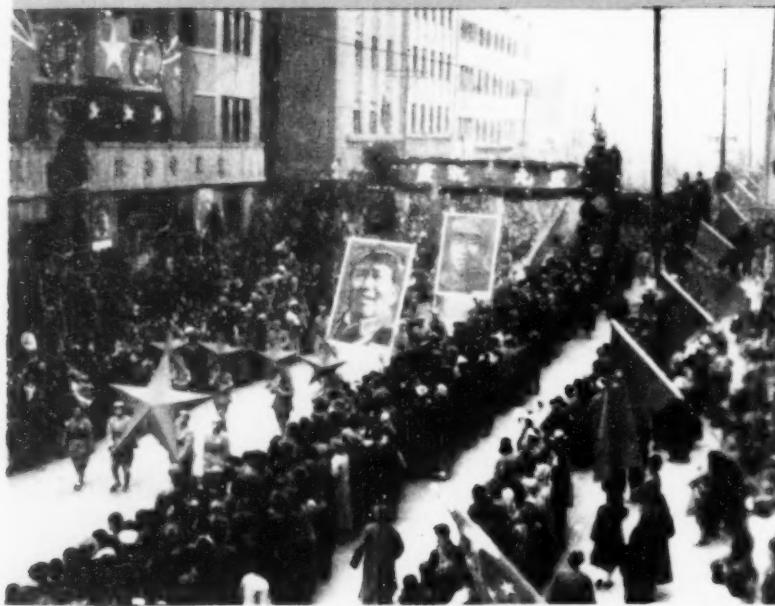
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I WAS A PRISONER OF THE CHINESE REDS

HERE IS THE REMARKABLE FIRST
HAND STORY OF A VETERAN CANADIAN
MISSIONARY WHO SAW HIS FRIENDS
TURN INTO ENVENOMED FOES AS
THE POISON OF COMMUNISM CREPT
THROUGH THE SOUL OF A NATION
HE SERVED FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS



By DR. A. STEWART ALLEN



Mao Tse-tung's men march into Chungking in Dec. 1949 without opposition.

Since the terror in China began, news from behind the Bamboo Curtain has been sparse. Most eye witnesses returning from China have been unable to tell their stories because Chinese friends left behind as hostages would be punished for their statements. Because he was deported and left behind no hostages Dr. Allen was free to write this remarkable document — the first eyewitness report from China by a Canadian non-Communist since Norman McLaren told in Maclean's of the initial stages of the revolution (I Saw the Chinese Reds Take Over, Oct. 15, 1950).



The United Church hospital at Chungking where Allen was superintendent until thrown in jail.

I WAS a prisoner of the Chinese Communists for a year, eight months of it solitary confinement, two months with about twenty others in a cell so small we couldn't all sleep comfortably on the floor at one time.

After having devoted twenty-one years to hospital development and medical teaching in China for the United Church of Canada, I was accused of being a spy, a murderer and a thief. For four hours I was forced to kneel before a large portrait of Mao Tse-tung, China's little Stalin, while a frenzied rabble shouted taunts and accusations against me. I was grilled, browbeaten and threatened by Communist officials seeking vainly for some charge on which they could bring me to trial. For two months I was subjected to a monotonous and fatiguing repetition of Communist propaganda in sessions of seven and a half hours a day which were supposed to "wash my brains of their reactionary thoughts." Finally, denounced as a treacherous enemy of the China to which I had devoted my adult life, I was conducted to the border and deported for allegedly "seizing" medical supplies and for having "criminally" evaded payment of eighty-nine cents' tax.

I had been a medical missionary in China since shortly after my graduation as a doctor from McGill University, Montreal, in 1929. Since 1938 I had been superintendent of the two-hundred-and-twenty-bed United Church mission hospital at Chungking, the largest Canadian-supported hospital in West China. Chungking, a crowded city of nine hundred thousand on the Yangtze River, twelve hundred miles from Shanghai but only four hundred miles from the Tibet border, was the second-last Chinese city to be taken over by Mao's Red army.

On Nov. 29, 1949, I heard the first gunfire in the hills outside Chungking. Two days later the Reds marched unopposed into the city.

I was permitted to carry on as superintendent of the hospital for another year. In Dec. 1950 Communists on the staff organized an accusation meeting against me, accused me of being a spy and enemy collaborator, and demanded my arrest. I was a Communist prisoner from that moment until a Red government deportation guard saw me safely out of China one year later almost to the day.

My bitterest memory is not the treatment I myself received. The most distressing memory of two years I spent behind the Bamboo Curtain of Red China is that of the hate and distrust which have been deliberately and cunningly planted in the minds of the Chinese. I saw the tragic spectacle of a co-operative hospitable people transformed suddenly, by a few months of ingenious propaganda, into a nation of suspicious, abusive, unreasoning accusers fired with the idea that the outside world, barring Russia, has but a single aim: the oppression and exploitation of China.

A large majority of Chinese students and workers are now insolent and vehement supporters of the new Red regime. They have become intoxicated

with a few catchwords and phrases like "Down with American imperialism!" All foreigners, all landlords and all the well-to-do have suddenly been turned into villainous and hated enemies of the new Peoples' China.

One of their slogans is: "There is no such thing as a good landlord." And the Communists are using all their wiles to keep the people believing it.

In Hong Kong last January on my way back to Canada I visited a Chinese doctor friend who had just learned of the fate of one landlord who had been his friend for many years in Kwangtung province, near Canton. He was widely respected for the scrupulous fairness with which he treated his tenants. When Communist authorities in Kwangtung were urging peasants to hold accusation meetings denouncing their landlords this man's tenants drew up a statement saying they had nothing to accuse him of and asking that he be dealt with leniently by the new Kwangtung government. The tenants said he had never demanded rent in years when crops were poor and had always made sure that his workers had plenty for their own needs before taking a share for himself.

The Communists questioned the tenants in more detail. Had he ever accepted gifts from them? In good crop years it is a widespread Chinese custom to give gifts of produce to a popular landlord and the tenants agreed that their landlord had in some years received numerous free-will gifts. The Communists skilfully distorted this aspect of the tenant-landlord relations and made it appear to many of the simple and illiterate peasants that the landlord had been wheedling more out of them in the form of gifts than he was entitled to in legal rent. The Communists wound up by making the landlord appear as a villain and oppressor of the worst sort. According to the Communist argument he was not an ordinary oppressor landlord, he was far worse than that for he carried out his oppression with a diabolical scheme under which his tenants didn't even realize they were being oppressed.

This particular landlord was among the first executed in Kwangtung. He was a dangerous potential leader. He had to be gotten rid of quickly, for he proved too well the absurdity of one of Chinese Communists' fundamental claims: that all landlords are exploiters and robbers of the people. There was little ceremony or trial. He was simply arrested, left in a cell for a few days, then marched out into a jailyard where the top of his head was blown off with a single shot from a revolver held against the base of his skull.

China today is seething with suspicion and ridiculously far-fetched accusations. The most trivial and commonplace statements or incidents are misinterpreted and twisted into "proof" of spying or "reactionary attitudes." Everyone distrusts everyone else. Spying has become a national game with death too often for the loser. Children at school are taught that it is a duty to spy on and report upon their parents. Wives spy on their husbands. If a light burns late at night in a better-off Chinese home neighbors may notify the authorities that "he must have been having a secret meeting with an imperialist spy." If a student tosses and lies awake in a school dormitory he may be grilled by fellow students next morning on the assumption that "reactionary thoughts" kept him awake.

In Red China the walls not only have ears, they have eyes as well. One morning Dr. Ian Robb, a Canadian surgeon working with me in Chungking who has since returned to Canada and is now in Halifax, was cleaning up his library and came across one dog-eared volume that he thought he might as well throw away. He dropped it into the fire in the kitchen stove. There was no one else in the house. Next morning the chairman of the hospital's Communist labor union told him bluntly: "You burned a book yesterday. Why?"

Startled, Robb asked him: "Is there a new law against burning books?"

"No," the Communist said, "but it is wiser not to without permission." A Chinese houseboy when lighting a new fire had discovered the ashes, still in the form of a book. He had reported it immediately. To the suspicion-ridden one-track Chinese mind it could mean only one

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A Maclean's Bonus-length Feature



The author with white nurses. A tiny Chinese nurse named Fan led accusations against him.



Safely back in Montreal home, Allen reads and Phyllis (left) fits Marion for a Chinese dress.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



SIR JAMES DOUGLAS, born in the West Indies, was a strange tyrant who hated tyranny. As B. C.'s first governor he wielded absolute power.

The STUBBORN enigmatic figure of James Douglas, a big swarthy man with black luminous eyes, hands like hams and hair like a horse's mane, bestrides the history of British Columbia from fur-trading days to Confederation. The benevolent tyranny by which he ruled the province has few parallels in democratic history. His own story, laced with blood and zeal and faith and fury, is probably unique.

He was a mulatto, largely self-educated, apprenticed into the fur trade at fifteen. But he lived to become a Knight Commander of the Bath, the richest man on the Pacific Coast and the virtual dictator of all territory from the Rockies to the Pacific north of the Oregon border. He married the daughter of a Cree princess who became B. C.'s First Lady. He dodged Indian arrows and daggers and fought barehanded with naked savages. His strength of will and faith in his own rightness was as tough and durable as his six-foot thong of a body. To keep his benevolent sovereignty over B. C. intact he sometimes defied the British and American governments. He fought with the crown while a servant of the all-powerful Hudson's Bay Company. Then, when he reluctantly consented to hand his little empire over to the people, as a servant of the crown he fought his old company just as fiercely.

He was a man of complexities and paradoxes. He was considered cold and formal, yet he was sentimental enough to keep in his watchcase a shilling piece given him by a grandchild as a birthday present "to spend as you like." He was known

If it hadn't been
for the benevolent dictatorship
of Sir James Douglas
British Columbia might today
be in the U. S. A.
He fought Indians barehanded,
defied the crown,
built our first navy,
and sometimes skipped rope
for relaxation

Mulatto King of B.C.

By MARY ELIZABETH COLMAN

to be stiff and dignified, yet at sixty-nine he could be seen skipping a rope on his front porch. He was thought of as an old-fashioned autocrat, yet he was the first man to urge the building of the Trans-Canada Highway and the defense of the Pacific Coast against Russia. He built Canada's first navy and prepared with his one gunboat to stand off the might of the Czar. His tactics were highhanded enough to become the *cause célèbre* which lifted his greatest enemy, a crusading editor, into eminence, yet he was big enough to lend the same man thirty thousand dollars when he asked for it. His name is writ large in the annals of B. C. for the simple reason that without him the province might today be United States territory.

While biographies of Douglas, "The Father of British Columbia," say he was a Scot, modern research indicates he was born in the West Indies in 1803, son of a Scottish father and a Jamaican mother. His contemporaries took his mixed blood for granted.

Before his sixteenth birthday he was apprenticed to the North West Fur Co., which three years later in 1821 was merged with its great rival the Hudson's Bay Co. In the winter of 1827-28 he was stationed at Yough, B.C. His immediate superior was chief factor William Connolly, at nearby Fort St. James. Connolly's wife was a Cree princess, and James courted and won their pretty sixteen-year-old daughter Amelia. In the absence of clergy the young people were married by the tribal rites of the Crees. Eight years later a

self-righteous chaplain denounced such unions as mere "living in sin." Furious but conventional, James married Amelia a second time, in an Episcopal ceremony.

Temporarily in charge of Fort St. James in his father-in-law's absence, bridegroom Douglas was called from sleep one July night in 1828 to be told that an Indian long wanted for murder was hiding in Chief Quaw's village, less than a mile away. Douglas hurried to the village. The chief was absent and Douglas himself finally flushed the man from a dark corner, dodging an arrow aimed at his eye.

The murderer was quickly executed but his death was a deep affront to the chief. He and his warriors, their faces blackened, rushed the fort and seized Douglas, according to a contemporary account, "struggling and swearing." They laid him flat on the table in the messroom. "He kicked and plunged, exhausting himself. The chief looked at him saying, 'You are tired now, I can talk to you.' This only exasperated Douglas the more and he renewed his struggle, damning and swearing and calling them big rascals!"

Half a dozen naked warriors held the young Douglas down in the light of flickering torches while the chief stood stolidly by and one of the men held his great war dagger poised, ready to kill at a word.

But Quaw had no intention of killing. What he wanted was reparation in the form of food and axes for the dead man's relatives, who held Douglas

responsible for his death. Finally Douglas agreed and was liberated. In his diary he made a laconic note, "Affray with the Indians."

The friends of the dead man swore revenge, however, and Douglas for two years went in constant danger of his life. Once he and two others were surrounded by a hundred yelling Indians, apparently bent on murder. Douglas faced them down and let them exhaust their rage in threats. Then in 1830 he was transferred by the HBC to far-away Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River as chief assistant to Dr. John McLoughlin, head of the regional board of management.

Already Douglas made a positive impression on all those who met him. Sir George Simpson, famous governor of the HBC, and never given to lavish praise, said Douglas was "a Scotch West Indian . . . well qualified for any service requiring bodily exertion, firmness of mind and the exercise of sound judgment, but furiously violent when aroused."

And Letitia Hargreave, wife of a Hudson's Bay clerk, notes in a letter from York Factory in 1842 that "Mr. Douglas . . . a mulatto . . . is a chief factor on the Columbia and very much respected by young and old."

Dr. John Helmcken, who later became Douglas' son-in-law, describing their first meeting, called him "grave, cold and unimpassioned" but added that he improved on acquaintance.

The responsibilities piled on the ambitious young man and his rapid advancement in the company's service — at

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In pioneer Victoria (James Bay, 1859, above) Douglas was both governor and chief factor for the HBC. His greatest critic was editor Amor de Cosmos (left), who was born plain Bill Smith.

The Courting of Jenny

*The wild Breckner boys figured that a woman's place was at her man's beck and call.
Matt was a Breckner too, but that afternoon at Hidden Lake
taught him that a fist isn't the strongest thing in the world*

By L. JOHANNE STEM

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

THE MIDSUMMER'S SUN set in a billow of flame in the Strait of Georgia. The down of shedding fireweed floated aimlessly on the warm breeze. To Matthew Breckner, making his way home from Hidden Lake, the trail held the quality of all island trails in summer — a dry woodsy aroma spicing the sea breeze, a wink of birds' wings, the call of a distant hooter; while above, the blue dome of the sky ripened into a soft haze.

He was fully clothed again. His faded cotton shirt covered broad shoulders. The stiff canvaslike denims sat easily on him though his knees still held a strange weakness. He was nineteen, balancing on that intangible line from boy to man, the youngest of the Breckner crew.

There were five Breckner boys: Andy, Creit, Bowman, Digby and Matthew. And there was the Old Man. The Breckners lived by a law unto themselves. The Old Man had homesteaded the island in the old days and, one by one, as the boys came, he laid claim to land for each of them; leasing, squatting, warring on all intruders till there were more than six hundred acres under his control.

Matt remembered when they had farmed, grazed sheep, raised a few head of stock. Now all that was changed. The timber off the land had set them free. The Old Man was close to seventy but he still held the deal in all family transactions. Cagily he sold the poorest timber first. The boys took out poles and ties. Now the timber that remained was a stand of pure gold — towering firs, many reaching twelve feet across their butts.

The boys hunted, fished and swam and, when the *manana* atmosphere of the islands palled, the receipts from the timber took care of chartered planes to Vancouver, of careening U-drives and liquor. But so far the Breckner reputation had not touched Matt. Robbery, arson, even murder had at one time or another been linked with the names of the others and rumor had it that the Old Man's coming to the island was the result of a break with the law.

But Matt was different. He even looked different. Where the others were sandy-haired and rawboned he was handsomely dark, with an inner calm that gave an appearance of gentleness. He moved with a catlike grace, easily and without effort.

Often in the evenings he could be seen splitting wood, bringing in kindling and water — chores that were considered woman work in the Breckner tribe and beneath a man. And in the dull lustreless eyes of Ma Breckner would come a momentary glint of something akin to hope as she watched her last-born.

Matt topped the rise. To his left the open strait spread below him to dissolve in the distant smoke and mist that shrouded Vancouver and the mainland; through the trees on his right the last rays of the sun gilded the island-dotted channel.

From here the path dipped sharply downward and soon the squat log cabin that he called home came into view. He *Continued on page 40*





HARD-ROCK MINER

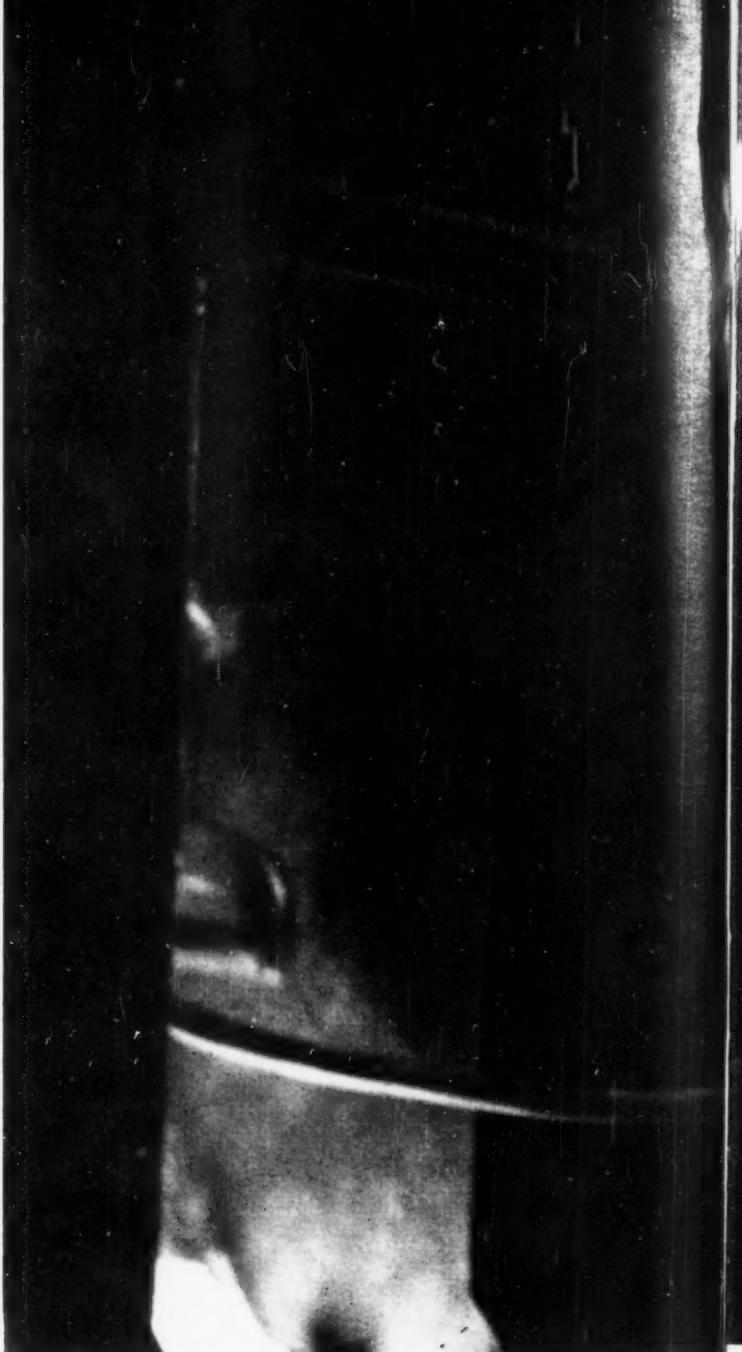
Shrugging off the danger of working under millions of tons of creaking rock, Canadians like Dusty Miller blast out one seventh of the world's gold. The roar of dynamite is music in their ears because, as Dusty says, "I feel better when I'm down there"

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

PHOTOS BY H. W. TETLOW



After a blast Dusty is there to pick up "free" gold. He says he can smell it.



IF YOU were to trace the chain of events behind the frenzied signals of a broker's man, or yesterday's luncheon address on the nation's gold reserve, or the panic in a best man's eyes as he fumbles for a ring, the trail would end with a dirty, work-hardened, taciturn figure crouched in the belly of the earth, his helmeted head kissed by a million tons of rock, surrounded by the night of eternity, buffeted by an ear-shattering clamor as he blasts out a seventh of the world's supply of gold—Canada's hard-rock miner.

He checks in before dawn, goes to work in a bucket, eats his lunch in a cave, and goes home in the dark. Occasionally he stops the racket of his drill that slams back like gunfire from the underside of the world, sits down to smoke a soggy cigarette amid a silence that hasn't changed since primordial rains cooled the earth's surface and listens to the drip of water through old diamond-drill holes that were made in the days when the mine was just a hope in a promoter's heart. He thinks of women, beer, or how things are going on his boulder-quilted little crown-land homesite, the distance of several city blocks above. Twice a month he lines up for his pay of between ten and sixteen dollars a day, looks at his cheque, shrugs and goes to Noranda or Rouyn or Duparquet or Val d'Or to play poker, bowl, take the wife to a show or get drunk. He comes back to the mine in time for his shift, puts on his helmet and oilskins



"Don't call my job dangerous," says Dusty Miller, and he knows mining from the ground down.

again, lights a cigarette and goes back down into the earth. And if you mention that there's anything unusual about his job he looks up at you quickly as if you're crazy.

One man who has been at the job the biggest part of his life is Dusty Miller, a tough, energetic, lean-bellied Lancashireman of forty-six who now holds a job of foreman's standing as mine captain of Elder Gold Mines, nine miles from Noranda in northern Quebec. The first time I talked to him on the sixth level he stood on a thing aptly called a grizzly eight 10 x 12 timbers, a foot apart, spanning a yawning black hole that looked as if it went straight down to hell spat a stream of Copenhagen snuff downward into space, came out with an oath, and said, "Don't call my job dangerous."

I had reminded him of a story his wife had told me about a mine accident he'd been in. "Don't put that in," he said, jabbing a finger at my notebook. "The boys will think I'm a sissy. There are more farmers killed every year than miners."

Most miners feel the same way about it. Certainly there are definite hazards in mining (one hundred and sixty-six miners were killed in 1950 a death rate that is about ten times what it is in manufacturing industries) and some mines are notorious for cave-ins and poor ground. But the average miner, working in a well-supervised mine in good

ground like Elder, goes to work day in day out without seeing an accident, and is as matter-of-fact about his environment as a sailor is of the sea.

"I've only met one man in my life who couldn't stand being underground," Dusty told me. "He lasted only two hours and asked to be taken up. But university students who come to work in their summer holidays are pretty jumpy." He grinned. "I've worked with halfbacks, fullbacks and quarterbacks and they look over their shoulders so often they keep tripping over their feet."

Only two men have been injured at Elder since it started producing six years ago. The accident was caused by drilling into a hole containing unexploded dynamite. "We have a four-man rescue crew ready to go into action here or in any other mine that calls for help," Dusty said. He spat. "Accidents are usually caused by 'floaters,' old-timers who drift from mine to mine and think they know everything."

But, accidents or no accidents, to the layman a miner's job is a terrifying one. He works in a vast, eerie, frightening, pitch-black labyrinth of tunnels, rock-strewn inclines, and water that seeps down from the surface and from underground springs. There is a faint fog in the air and the smell of a freshly hoed cellar. Elder Mine is an even five degrees above freezing, winter and summer. Now and then an insect will get down with some wood — one miner at Elder told me he'd

seen a frog at one thousand feet — but generally a mine is as lifeless as the tomb.

To Dusty the eerie underworld of Elder is as familiar as the back of a counter to a department-store clerk and as undramatic as his home-town streets. He knows every crevice, crack and turn, every inch of pipe, track and fitting. He spends his days in a form of mild mountain climbing a fifth of a mile beneath the surface of the earth, walking with a fast slope-shouldered gait over miles of rough ore-strewn stopes, using his twenty-seven years of experience to show his shift bosses where he wants them to drill, how the vein lies, where to leave pillars, checking footwall, hanging wall, kidding the men, talking in gestures and British profanity to Canadians, Finns, Poles and Ukrainians and managing to make himself clear.

Dusty has worked at just about every job underground: trammeling, tending skips, the metal cars that haul the ore to the surface ("A farmer's job," he told me) and mucking, loading trams with the blast-loosened ore, which in Dusty's day was done with a shovel instead of today's mucking machine, a miniature one-man-operated power shovel that tosses the ore over its back into a steel car. But, like most miners, he served his long apprenticeship as a stope miner, who begins and ends his eight-hour day slowly and laboriously following the veins of ore with drill and dynamite, like a painstaking mechanized human mole.

We clambered up one of the many stopes at Elder, one called Stop 6-1 East, Extension No. 1. (I clambered; Dusty mounted it like a goat.) He stopped and flashed his light at a place near his feet. "That's called a raise," he said. "It's where we drop the muck down to the next level. If you don't know the mine you have to be careful." I looked down a sheer unguarded black hole about five feet in diameter, dropping vertically in the direction of the centre of the earth. I changed course hurriedly.

A couple of stopers were getting ready to start work when we reached the top of the stope. They were hauling and lugging their drills into position in the cramped, angular, black underside of the roof of the world.

They flashed their lights in our faces. I was beginning to get a bit used to the idea, which at first had seemed rude. I flashed my light on them. They looked awkward and bulky in rubber jackets, rubber pants, rubber boots and rubber gloves. They wore light-weight amber-colored fibre helmets, like trimmed-down versions of the pith helmet of the tropics. Each had an electric battery lamp, about the size of a bicycle headlight that can be snapped onto the front. *Continued on page 37*



His wife Enis and their three children. His son Eddie would like to be a magazine illustrator.



Mickey has many guns but never loads them. Once when his little girl Kathy picked a Mauser up from the table he got a great idea for a story.

MICKEY'S GIVING MURDER A B

Once the whodunit was a cosy haven in a troubled world. But since best-selling Mickey Spillane's bloodshot private eye Mike Hammer moved in the joint's been jumping with sex and sadism. And Mickey's become a preacher



BAD NAME

By JAMES DUGAN

PHOTOS BY WOLFF BLACK STAR

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, APRIL 15, 1952

THIS best-selling writer of the age is a young Hudson River squire named Mickey Spillane. In four years ten million twenty-five-cent copies of five Spillane books have been sold. The literary world is variously terrified and elated over the Spillane phenomenon. He is rapidly overtaking the paperback champion, Erskine Caldwell, whose thirteen books have sold twenty-six million copies in a decade.

Spillane writes mystery shockers. His hero is a private investigator named Mike Hammer. The millions who have grabbed Hammer books out of drugstores, tobacco stores and newsstands have not been motivated by the love of beautiful letters. Many of them haven't read any other books. The Hammer books read like parodies of pulp detective stories. Spillane's books have about as much suspense as a day-coach sandwich.

Professional readers in the two publishing firms that handle Spillane go white at the chops when his latest product arrives, but the auditing departments break into a soft-shoe dance. The Hammer books contain the uttermost postally permissible budget of blood, gore, sex, transvestitism, sadism and bestiality. An old mystery addict of my acquaintance bought some Spillane, read them, and solemnly walked down the street and presented them to a psychiatric clinic as something to chomp on when the patients were slow.

Spillane doesn't want anybody to think that he is guilty of literature. "Those long-haired jerks who try to write those so-called great novels forget that writing is a form of entertainment," he told me.

Older practitioners of the mystery novel feel that Spillane may kill off the medium. One of every four books published in North America is a mystery, but the art may have no place to go after Spillane. The Hammer books introduce the final note: the detective hero is criminally insane.

Mike Hammer commits half the murders himself.

Edgar Allan Poe, who invented the mystery formula over a century ago, Conan Doyle, who popularized the literary detective, and poor old Nick Carter, the dime cop, have been done the dirty by Spillane. In their day Hammer would have been the unspeakable villain; today he is the hero.

During a recent decisive week in his life, I met thirty-four-year-old Frank Morrison (Mickey) Spillane, head hot rod of the quarter dreadfuls. He is an athletic green-eyed man with a crew haircut and is frank and likeable. The Boy-Scout virtues could have been copied from him. He is a fond father and a loving husband and keeps dozens of stray dogs and cats. He has many loyal friends. Among his country neighbors he has a reputation as a good Samaritan. He carries a pocket Bible, which he fetches out frequently to read salvation into his acquaintances. When he is not engaged in committing homicide and flagellation on his L. C. Smith he tramps from door to door announcing the end of the world and informing the lost and mislaid how they can be elected to eternal life. Spillane is a lay minister of the Newburgh, N.Y., company of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Spillane lives in a cinder-block house he built himself in the apple-and-egg country near Newburgh. He built the house and the house built Mike Hammer. In 1946 Spillane, a disgruntled war veteran smarting under a New York landlord's gouge, found a remote acreage which, with building materials, would cost a thousand dollars. Spillane sat down and wrote in nineteen days a violent curdler called *I, the Jury* — the first Mike Hammer book. He bet that his previous experience writing pulps and crime comics, plus his choked hatred of things as they are, would raise the G-note for his homestead.

He gave the manuscript to a friend who was a salesman of printing time to book and magazine publishers. The friend sold *I, the Jury* to his first contact, E. P. Dutton, a respectable old house. It was accepted by the publisher and Spillane got his thousand-dollar advance. He built his house.

The \$2.50 hard-cover Dutton edition of *I, the Jury* appeared in 1947 in ten thousand copies. In the normal course of events this first book would

have paid him twenty-five hundred dollars in royalties and then dropped dead. But I, the Jury caught on. Most of the reviewers who paid it notice said it was the toughest or most depraved mystery of the month, according to their respect for civilization and their understanding of the protagonist.

The book had an extraordinary moral: the hero elected himself as law, cop, judge, jury and executioner. In a medical diagnosis Spillane's detective was a criminal paranoiac, a vengeful gutter messiah, who went around spouting his paranoid symptoms before he killed: "I have more enemies than I have friends . . . I make my own rules as I go along and I don't have to account to anybody . . . I am the law . . . I am a misanthropist. I don't like people. I don't like any kind of people." Students of pathological symptoms found a rich study in the vast syndrome rioting inside Hammer's skull: "My head started banging with that insane music that was all kettledrums and shrill flutes blended together in wild discord."

The readers did not stop to consult psychiatrists. They paid their quarters for the dip-the-dip and it bucketed them over one shrill emotion after another. The books had fairies, naked women being whipped, movies of strip teases, heroes kicking fallen men in the teeth and surgical lithographs of bullet holes for junior readers who might not grasp the rest of Spillane's effects. Hammer commits his first murder at the end of *I, the Jury* when he assassinates his blond mistress at the end of a slow strip tease. A Florida reviewer set the note of many critics when he said, "Spillane and Hammer set civilization back fifty years." A female critic in the same state wrote, "In a long and misspent life immersed in blood I don't believe I've ever met a tougher *hombre* than Mike Hammer, *Private Eye*."

The first book was a hit. Reprint rights were assigned to the world's biggest book publisher, the New American Library of World Literature. Its twenty-five-cent Signet imprint (*James M. Cain to Jaroslav Hasek*), its thirty-five-cent Signet Giants and Mentor books (*Joe DiMaggio to the Iliad*), and its fifty-cent double volumes (*Kathleen Winsor to The Naked and the Dead*) sell more than the total books of all other North American publishers combined.

Spillane's first book has gone into twenty-one Signet printings, more than two million copies. As Spillane's four succeeding Hammer products appeared — *Vengeance Is Mine*, *One Lonely Night*, *My Gun Is Quick* and *The Big Kill* — new readers demanded the older books. The initial print order on Spillane's latest, *The Big Kill*, was two and a half million copies, the largest single edition of a book ever published. The publishers have distributed six hundred and fifty thousand copies of Spillane's five books in Canada.

If psychoanalysts were engrossed with Spillane,

The writer of the world's toughest prose likes animals so much he won't even go out hunting.





Now that Mickey has religion he carries a Bible with him and will frequently take it from his pocket and read a passage to strangers.

sociologists were more so. The Hammer books are saturated with contempt for legal processes. Hammer says, "I'm not letting the killer go through the tedious process of the law . . . I don't want to arrest somebody, I just want to shoot somebody." They are full of brutal beating: "I took a short half step and kicked that sonofabitch so hard in the face that his teeth came out in my shoe." The Hammer books sell best among young people and members of the armed forces.

Spillane himself has a Red phobia. He told me, "Every time I caught a Communist in Brooklyn I'd beat hell out of him." In *One Lonely Night*, Spillane wrote what he called a "political book." His detective murders a roomful of Communists with a tommy gun. The final "kill," to use the writer's term, is a liberal politician who has gotten involved with the Reds. None of Hammer's dozen "kills" have resulted in his arrest, indictment or trial.

Spillane says he plots his stories backwards. "First I think of the surprise ending and work backwards, building it up like a joke." Invariably the twist endings have Hammer killing a sympathetic character whom he has unmasked as a baddie. In two books the final murderee is Hammer's mistress. Spillane is artistically most gratified by the ending of *Vengeance Is Mine*, in which he achieved his aim of unloading the surprise in the last line. Juno, a beautiful blonde, is disrobing in front of Hammer's gun, while he waits to kill her. The last line is, "Juno was a man!"

Spillane says his books are not detective novels, which he defines as stories about an investigator who is called in to solve a case. He says he writes mysteries, in which the detective is personally involved in the murders and has strong private motivations to avenge them. Hammer's murder cases are usually women who have been intimate with him. Spillane uses the standard atmosphere of thrillers: a cop who is Hammer's friend, plenty of fog, snow, rain, barrooms, and calendar girls posing invitingly for the hero. The obligatory character in private-eye yarns, the beautiful secretary, is also present in the person of Velda, Hammer's assistant, who has "a face that was beauty capable of extremes of every emotion." Velda's emotional range consists of panting for the detective. In the meantime her boss is fighting off platoons of technicolored babes, whose solicitation is blunt and often successful. Hammer's women revolve into view like ducks in a shooting gallery, say their pieces ("Your body is huge, Mike. Your



He married his wife when he was in Mississippi with the air force. He likes to romp with Ward, eighteen months, and Kathy who is aged three.

mind is the same. No repressions," and are shot down promptly.

Frank Morrison Spillane is thirty-four, the only child of an ex-bartender in Brooklyn. His father was Irish Catholic, his mother Protestant. He says, "I was christened in two churches and neither took." At twenty Spillane started writing comic-book plots and pulp stories. During the war he was a pilot instructor but did not get overseas. He met his wife, a tiny brunette, at an air base in Mississippi. They were married in 1945. The Spillanes have two small children with whom the father enjoys tumbling around on the floor.

He calls his place, up the Hudson River near Newburgh, Little Bohemia. It is usually full of Spillane's buddies. He has a gift for making fiercely loyal friends. Some of these have offered to beat up critical book reviewers, but Spillane holds them off. They hang around drinking Spillane's beer and sending out to the Texas Red Hot restaurant in Newburgh for frankfurters drowned in mustard, barbecue sauce and chopped raw onions.

Spillane drives a souped-up red custom convertible and subscribes to Hot Rod magazine. He is an outdoor calloused-hand type, who derives a greater aesthetic thrill from cleaning out a neighbor's chicken coops than writing Hammer books. He has only two suits and two pairs of shoes. His winter domestic uniform is rubber boots, jeans and a lumberjack shirt.

He is a wealthy writer. His \$2.50 editions pay him twenty-five cents a copy, but that is chicken feed. "I pay no attention to hard covers," he says. The paperback editions pay him one half cent and Dutton one half cent per copy up to two hundred and fifty thousand; after that he and Dutton split a cent and a half per copy. Spillane's paperback royalties, according to the economics of the book business, keep Dutton out of the red. He and his original publisher have made about one hundred thousand dollars each from the quarter horrors.

Spillane doesn't know how much money he has. His business manager, a Newburgh neighbor, gives him an allowance of a thousand dollars a month, pays his taxes and puts the rest into the Northland Construction Co., a firm Spillane founded.

Spillane has built himself a writing shop back of the house. It is a fir-sided hut with pine paneling inside, two desks and a drawing table for comic-book cartoonist friends. There is a bar and a bunk niche for the night-writing owner. The walls are decorated with skis, snowshoes and lurid oil

paintings which were used as covers on the Hammer paperbacks. Spillane has a collection of small arms and rifles, all kept unloaded. He has never shot a person or an animal. He refuses to shoot at the plentiful game running across his land.

One day his three-year-old daughter Kathy reached for an unloaded Mauser on a table. Spillane watched with fascination as the infant made three passes at it, got the gun and pulled the trigger. Spillane used it as the gimmick for his final murder in *The Big Kill*, in which an obliging baby shoots Hammer's mistress.

Spillane says, "I am not an author. I'm a writer. I'm an entertainer. The Mike Hammer stories are antidotes for the anxieties of the world today. I don't write to see my name on the cover of some jerky literary book. The only place I want to see my name is on a cheque." The character of Mike Hammer was inspired by Spillane's closest friend, Joe Gill. Gill is not a cop, but a Brooklyn pulp writer.

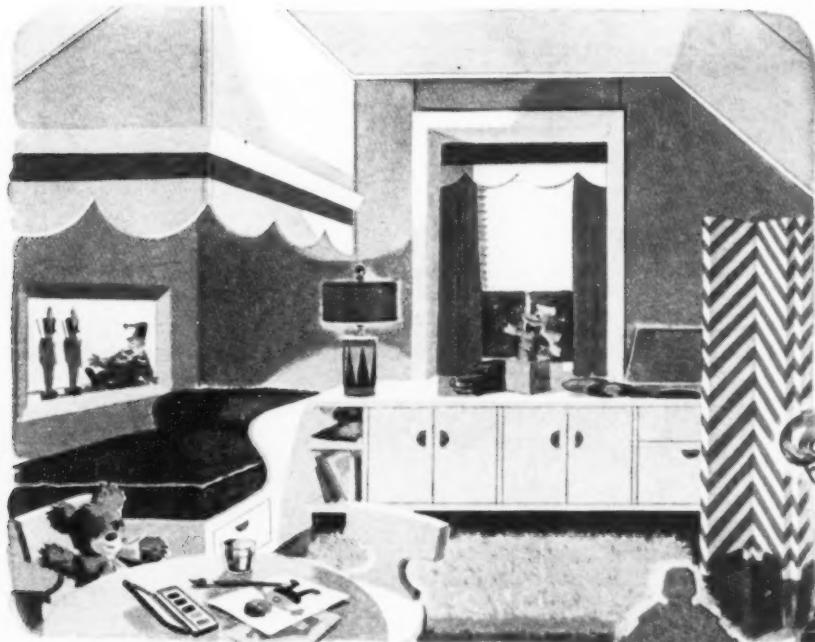
A plot development too outrageous for even a Hammer book occurred last summer in Spillane's life. One evening three strangers knocked on his door. They were a local refrigeration engineer, his wife, and another housewife. They remarked that they had passed by on the road dozens of times but had not seen Spillane's driveway before. They had no idea who Spillane was, but they had urgent news for him. The hospitable writer asked them in.

The callers were members of the Newburgh company of Jehovah's Witnesses. This biblical sect has no clergy and no churches: the laymen preach and their meeting halls are called bethels. They apprised Spillane of their belief that Jehovah is going to destroy the world in this generation, as He did in Noah's time. They confided in Spillane that none but a "select" group, Jehovah's Witnesses, would survive. To rescue as many as possible before the deadline the Witnesses call door-to-door, live a life of disciplined devotion and operate a tract factory in Brooklyn almost as large as Signet books.

Had Spillane been Mike Hammer he might have shot the interlopers with a dum-dum and enjoyed watching them croak out. Actually he was fascinated. The Witnesses left him a tract, *Evolution vs. The New World*—a plea against science and rationality. Spillane, who had dabbled with the evolutionary theory at Kansas State College, says, "After talking with the Witnesses I saw Darwin's theory fall on its face. It was a farce." He joined the Newburgh company of *Continued on page 37*

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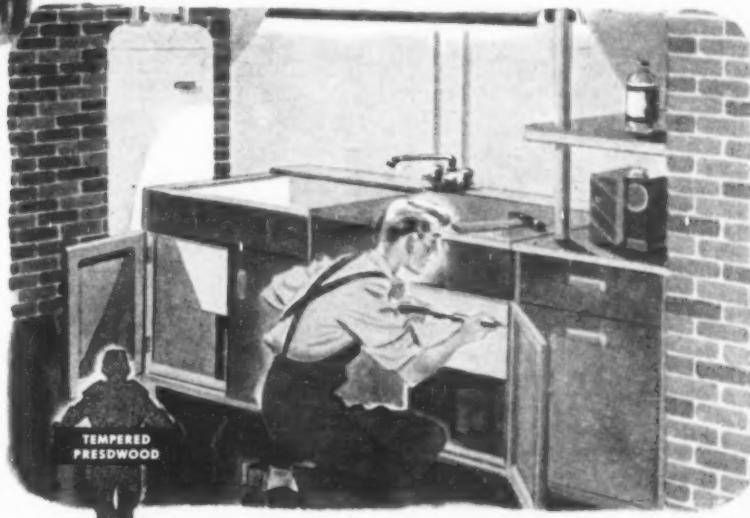
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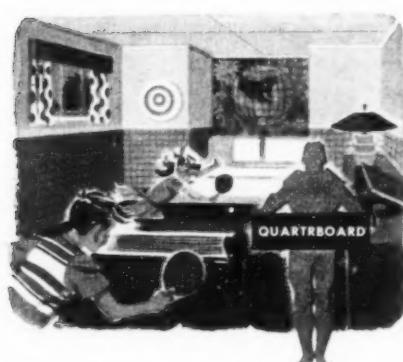
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It will go up in a hurry—and cost little—if you use Masonite Quartrboard for walls and ceiling. Quartrboard comes in big panels—is light in weight—easy to handle—easy to paint. It hides old, cracked walls—and it builds new rooms quickly over open framework. Available in 4' width of $\frac{1}{4}$ " thickness.



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Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, decorating, local club and church activities, human interest stories, etc., as well.

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London Letter

Continued from page 4

collapse of judgment and imagination. In fact it was an abdication of radio's place in the life of the nation.

Think of the news items flashing from all over the world, the scenes in New York, the messages from the dominions, the hush in Cairo, the sorrowing natives in Africa, the tributes from Europe. It was a story that never paused for an instant but grew in volume and emotion like a mighty flood. Think too of the chance to hear recorded playings of Wagner's funeral music from Gotterdammerung, of Handel's Messiah, of Gounod's St. Cecilia Mass, and even the recorded service of the coronation of George VI and his Queen. The newspapers (and, incidentally, they were magnificent) could have been left plodding hopelessly along at the heels of radio with its power of instantaneous announcement.

So the storm of criticism broke over the heads of the BBC hierarchy and no reasonable explanation was, nor could have been, forthcoming. It was being said on every hand that the charter should not be renewed. Yet there were grave doubts in a few minds which caused us to ask whether it would not be better to let things go on as they are rather than permit commercial sponsors.

I know the answer which is always given to me on my annual visit to Canada and the U.S. After my protest against the plugging of pills and tooth paste and deodorizers by young men with unctuous "come-to-the-penitent-bench" voices, my friends say "We only turn on the radio for the New York symphony concert which is sponsored by—." That may be true with a minority but the radio is an all-day companion to a great number of people and as such has been a friend to man and a destroyer of loneliness.

Those Headaches of Hamlet's

But let me repeat that the mealy-mouthed voice of a man describing to women listeners the wonderful joy of washing underwear with Somebody's soap makes me quite sick. The seraphic ecstasy of his words, the self-righteous desire to befriend his listeners, the determination to bring light to dark spaces—that is not a man's job. I would not mind so much if he did it as a straightforward proposition. It is the evangelical note that I cannot endure.

Again my Canadian and American friends say that they get so used to the commercial touting that they do not hear it. With great respect I say the proposition is absurd. Are commercial firms such philanthropists that they pay for programs and stations just to give pleasure and with the full knowledge that no one listens to the plugging of their particular commodity? If that were true there ought to be a lunacy commission to enquire into the brains of commercial managements.

When an actor plays Hamlet on the air or the screen and utters his last dying words, "The rest is silence," I claim that it is intellectually, artistically and spiritually revolting if we hear another voice say: "Do you suffer from headaches like Hamlet?" If Hamlet had taken two of Somebody's tablets three times a day he never would have got into that condition. First I do not believe it, and second it would have been a loss to the world if Hamlet had been cured.

There is of course the logical pretext that all these programs come to you at no extra expense. But are the people

of the great North American continent so poor that they cannot pay for their entertainment? As I pointed out a moment ago even the impoverished British put up nearly fifteen million pounds a year for their radio and television services, and do not grumble.

It might of course be argued that newspapers and magazines accept advertisements which constitute a form of sponsorship and that contributors, such as your London correspondent, have no qualms about accepting the benefit therefrom. That is perfectly true but there is all the difference in the world between advertising in a publication and advertising on the air. At no point is it possible for the advertiser to force a reader's concentration entirely on his announcement. Admittedly, advertisements not only increase the revenue of a publication but they often add to its reading attraction. Yet in reputable publications the advertiser has no control whatever over the editorial policy or contents.

A Dulcet Frankenstein

I must confess that my own attitude has been strengthened by my study of American television a few weeks ago in the U.S. Let us first give this new giant its due. In the lonely places of America it brings the companionship of living and visible people. To the invalid and the aged it is a friend and undoubtedly adds to the attractions of home life. To a great scattered country like the U.S., with a vast population of varied racial origins and differing complexions, it creates a unifying influence.

Then what is the other side of the balance sheet? First there is this obvious point that advertisers who have to pay high rates for peak times will want programs that will appeal to the largest possible public. If that is admitted, and I do not see how it can be denied, there must be a steady leveling down in public taste. The first-class will have little chance for it must always appeal to a minority.

Second, there is the demonstrable fact that since a human being has only one pair of eyes it is not possible to look at a screen and to read at the same time. And since there are only twenty-four hours in a day the time given to reading must be reduced. This will have a growing effect on publishers who, in an attempt to hold their own, will be inclined to look for books of a sensational and pornographic character. I am not saying that television is pornographic but its threat to publishers must produce the effect I have described.

Third, there is a more subtle and perhaps a more sinister development which, at the moment, is not generally foreseen. As I see it commercial tele-

vision is gradually placing the power of national propaganda in the hands of the Big Interests. The large advertisers will eventually pass in power the newspapers with their long-established traditions of editorial independence. How long then will it be until advertisers sponsor political and even presidential candidates? By their power to present a man on the screen, and the even greater power of keeping him off the screen, they can profoundly influence national opinion. This may seem a fantastic idea but there is always before us the classic example of Frankenstein and his monster. Man is continuously developing monsters that he cannot control.

Finally, I come to the intangible aspect of the question, and to some extent, the spiritual. We live in an age of regimentation with standardized products, standardized entertainment, standardized architecture, standardized locomotion, and almost standardized religion. That is particularly true of the North American continent, although Canada is more stubbornly individualistic than its great neighbor to the south.

Here in Britain the process also exists but to a lesser extent. The acute ear can still detect differences of accent in people living only a hundred miles from each other. The Englishman, the Scot, the Welshman and the Irish are as stubbornly individualistic as in the days when the Romans tried to civilize them and failed. They do their own thinking and they make their own way of life, in spite of the shortages and vexations of contemporary existence. In their homes they can turn on the radio with the knowledge that, though they may be bored, they will not be reminded of the ills that flesh is heir to, nor be told that a pretty girl suffers from body odor, bad breath, hairy legs, and even dandruff because she doesn't. If I am to believe my ears the American girl, supposedly the loveliest of her sex, only holds her place in human society by the most advanced efforts of science. Which is again absurd.

Therefore, in the battle of the BBC charter, I shall join the dwindling band of those who want to leave things as they are. No one can deny that the BBC has a firm reputation for integrity—a mighty asset in the world as it is today. Many of the programs are excellent, and musically it is a joy. On the other hand some of its programs are tawdry and even a bore.

But this much is certain. You can leave your set muttering away in the corner and know that you will not be badgered, harried or affronted by it. Be it ever so humble an Englishman's home is still his castle and I hope he will pull up the drawbridge against the advancing hosts of commercialized sponsorship. ★

NEXT ISSUE

ON SALE APRIL 25

HERO OF THE HUNTED MEN

McKenzie Porter is led to a beer cellar in Munich to meet a man who defies death every day while he plots to break up the Soviet Union from within.

IN MACLEAN'S MAY 1



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TRADE MARK

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Snapshots remember—when you forget

"I'll never forget this day!" How often have you said that—and forgotten?

Snapshots keep alive the softness of Spring . . . the tender gayety of youth . . . all those wonderful memories that so easily slip away.

With your camera ready and extra Kodak film handy you'll have a priceless record of those picnics, drives, walks, and other good times.

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Send a snapshot with every letter



At your dealer's—dependable
Kodak and Brownie cameras for
outdoor and indoor snapshots.

For black-and-white snapshots,
Kodak Verichrome Film. For full-
color snapshots, Kodacolor Film.



A charm-full armful —well fed by Heinz

Charm full charming full of pleasure
delightful fascinating full of charm
charming charming charming charming power of
delightful fascinating full of charm
charming charming charming charming charming
charming charming charming charming charming

MOTHERS use all the adjectives in the dictionary, and then some, when they rave over their cuddlesome tots. And certainly there are times when they seem more angelic than anything this side of Heaven. That sort of time comes often when babies are brought up on the scientifically prepared food Heinz makes especially for babies.

Heinz-fed babies are well-fed babies and well-fed babies are usually healthy and happy and charmers all. No baby could enjoy better eating, better nourishment, or finer flavor than Heinz Foods provide.

At your dealer's, look for them all—the three Pre-Cooked Heinz Baby Cereals . . . the 27 varieties of Heinz Strained Baby Foods . . . and the 19 varieties of Heinz Junior Foods. Take home a good supply for the little charmer in your life.

HEINZ BABY FOODS

You know they're good because they're Heinz



57

Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK: The abundant comic talents of Canada's Alan Young are only meagrely represented in this bucolic musical, a disappointing screen comeback for the one-time Vancouver and Toronto radio clown. The prevailing pace is halting, the jokes half-hearted, the songs unmemorable; and writer-director Claude Binyon is clearly more to blame than his competent cast. Included are songstress Dinah Shore and baritone Robert Merrill.

APPOINTMENT WITH VENUS: Not in the top drawer of British comedies, but it has its share of beguiling moments. Story is of a prize cow named Venus, hotly sought by John Bull and Hitler alike after the Germans capture her on a tiny isle in the Channel.

THE FAMILY SECRET: A thin and predictable suspense yarn about a spoiled glamour boy (woodenly acted by John Derek) who kills his best friend in a fight and then persuades his stricken parents to help him conceal his guilt. The picture is made occasionally absorbing by good performances from Lee J. Cobb, as the fugitive's honest lawyer father, and Jody Lawrance as his secretary sweetheart.

THE MAGIC FACE: Luther Adler, I guess, can impersonate Hitler as well as the next man, but his mimicry is put to the service of a mighty silly plot in this "documentary" fable about a Führer-faced impostor who aids the Allies.

THE MODEL AND THE MARRIAGE BROKER: Aimed squarely at the bobby-sox audience, this is a long and garrulous tale centring around a one-woman lovelorn bureau (Thelma Ritter) and her efforts to promote a romance—strictly "on the house"—between a pretty model and a rock-jawed all-American boy. Jeanne Crain and Scott Brady are the lovers.

PHONE CALL FROM A STRANGER: A rather entertaining story in which one of the few survivors of an airplane crash postpones his own domestic problems while dabbling benevolently in those of three dead persons, who had caught his interest before the disaster. Gary Merrill, Shelley Winters, Michael Rennie, Keenan Wynn and Bette Davis are among the dependable participants.

QUO VADIS: Rome burns to the ground, lions devour Christians, Nero's courtyard buzzes with revelry, and a Baer rassles a bull before thirty thousand Romans . . . all adding up to a three-hour semi-Biblical circus in the roaring old tradition. There are plenty of corny moments, but on the whole I enjoyed it.

RED SKIES OF MONTANA: Contains some really exciting shots of raging forest fires among the vast timberlands of the northwest, plus a good close-up of the actual training and work of the civilian parachutists who scientifically battle these blazes. The fictional narrative at the heart of all this is a fairly hackneyed one, featuring Richard Widmark as a troubled fellow who has got to convince everybody, including himself, that he isn't "yellow."

ROOM FOR ONE MORE: There's a big whoop-de-do in the final reel of this, involving the Stars and Stripes and a lot of Boy Scout ceremonial, which I must say I found rather fatiguing. Before that, though, the film is a quite pleasant comedy about a husband and wife (Cary Grant and Betsy Drake) who keep augmenting their growing household by taking in foster children. A recommendable family show.

VIVA ZAPATA! Those dynamic crewmen of Hollywood's best-known Streetcar, director Elia Kazan and actor Marlon Brando, have taken transfers below the Mexican border for this new enterprise, a handsome but somewhat more sluggish model. It's about the tragic but inspiring life and death of the high-minded revolutionist who kept things hot in southern Mexico while Pancho Villa was getting the headlines in the north. Novelist John Steinbeck wrote the screenplay. The end product, though draggy in spots, is well worth your attention.

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART: A dandy musical biography of plucky singer Jane Froman, who didn't let a near-fatal accident in 1943 stop her from touring the camps and resuming her activities in big-time show business. The warm and womanly Froman voice does wonders for actress Susan Hayward, who handles the role the way Larry Parks did Jolson; and Miss Hayward, in turn, comes through with the most winning and plausible performance of her career. In, of course, Technicolor.

GILMOUR RATES

An American in Paris: Musical. Tops. Another Man's Poison: Drama. Poor.

Bend of the River: Jimmy Stewart in big western. Excellent.

Bright Victory: Drama. Good.

Callaway Went Thataway: Satiric "western" comedy. Good.

Calling Bulldog Drummond: Crime. Fair.

Death of a Salesman: Drama. Good.

Detective Story: Crime. Excellent.

Fixed Bayonets: Korean war. Good.

I'll Never Forget You: Drama. Poor.

I'll See You in My Dreams: Musical biography. Fair.

Ivory Hunter: Adventure. Good.

The Light Touch: Comedy. Fair.

Lone Star: Sexy western. Fair.

Man in White Suit: Alec Guinness comedy. Excellent.

Man With My Face: Crime. Fair.

The Mob: Comedy-drama. Good.

People Will Talk: Drama. Good.

A Place in the Sun: Drama. Tops.

Red Badge of Courage: War. Excellent.

The River: India drama. Excellent.

Royal Journey: Fact feature. Excellent.

Sailor Beware: Navy farce. Poor.

A Streetcar Named Desire: Drama for adults. Excellent.

Tales of Hoffmann: Opera ballet. Good.

Too Young to Kiss: Comedy. Good.

The Well: Race-bias drama. Good.

Westward the Women: Western. Fair.



Montreal. "Since I've been following the 4 step routine and 'creamwashing' my face with Noxzema, my skin is so much smoother and fresher," says Gloria Young Moody. "I've never used a finer cream."



Ottawa. "Dry skin was my problem," says Bunty Luce. "A friend advised me to try Noxzema. Now my skin is so much smoother and softer. I have been recommending Noxzema's 4 step Beauty Routine to all my friends."

Look lovelier in 10 days with NEW HOME FACIAL or your money back!

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In actual clinical tests, this simple routine helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier. Now hundreds and hundreds of women all over Canada report wonderful results from using these 4 simple steps described at the right:

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Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards!

Now, smooth on a light film of greaseless Noxzema for your powder base. It not only holds make-up beautifully, but also helps protect skin *all day*!



Evening—At bedtime, "cream wash" again with medicated Noxzema. How fresh and clean your skin looks! See how completely you've washed away make up, dirt.

Now, lightly massage skin with medicated Noxzema to help soften, smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal. It's greaseless! No messy pillow!



Toronto. "My skin is very sensitive and has a tendency to become dry and flaky looking," says Marilyn Davis. "I find that using medicated Noxzema regularly helps keep my complexion soft, smooth and lovely. It's a fine protective cream."



Halifax. "Using Noxzema for just a short time helped clear up a blotchy skin condition," says Marion Brown. "The appearance of my skin improved so much, that Noxzema has been my regular beauty cream ever since. I'm never without it."



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NOXZEMA skin cream
Made in Canada

Hotel With the Elegant Air

Continued from page 13

a newsprint mill within a few miles of their summer homes. Leo Timmins is of the N. A. Timmins Corporation and Hollinger Mines fame. The Hamilton Fishes of New York have long been prominent in the U. S. Republican Party. Sen. Léon Mercier Gouin, leading Montreal lawyer, is a son of the former Quebec premier. The McGraths of Warrenton, Va., own Rotary Steel. The Harold Kennedys have sold their

shipping line. Peter Fortune Ryan still has his share of the one hundred and sixty millions that grandfather Thomas Fortune Ryan left when he died in the early Twenties. Republican presidential candidate Sen. Robert Taft and his brother Charles continue the Taft tradition at Murray Bay. And so the list goes on.

These people, who have been coming literally for generations, make their presence felt in the atmosphere of the Manoir. In the early days, during its two hundred room period, the Manoir served as a kind of clubhouse for the

Boulevard crowd and was peopled almost exclusively by their friends. The atmosphere was close, comfortable and clannish. Then, at the close of the 1928 season, the old hotel burned to the ground in a couple of hours.

The disaster found the Manoir with a solid booking for the 1929 season and a president-managing director of remarkable energy, William H. Coverdale. During the winter of 1928-29 contractors worked the clock around and, by July 1, 1929, the new three-hundred-and-fifty room Manoir was ready to receive its first guests.

The present imposing edifice, a five-story ivy-clad grey concrete structure topped by a green copper roof in feudal Norman style, stands as an impressive monument to a remarkable man. Coverdale had both imagination and unlimited energy. He furnished the Manoir with a collection of genuine French chateau-style pieces, the graceful lines of which are only matched by the solid comfort in their depths. He contributed what is generally considered to be one of the best collections of Canadiana in existence to cover its walls: maps, documents (including a royal proclamation dated 1630 forbidding the sale of "habiliments of warre" to the *sauvages*), paintings, drawings and etchings to the number of three thousand and valued at almost one million dollars. The first thousand items he collected in a year, and he spent the next twenty years building the collection. In the last year of his life, three years ago, six huge anchors with anchor chains arrived at the Manoir by flatcar. He died before he got around to telling anyone their history, but they repose in a choice spot on the lawn across from the Manoir's entrance.

But the new Manoir marked the beginning of the end of an era; the era in which it was more of a private club than a resort hotel. For not all the well-settled Boulevard crowd could fill the three hundred and fifty rooms and seven cottages that comprised the Manoir's seven-hundred person capacity. Canada Steamship Lines let it be known that the Manoir stood ready to receive summer visitors who could pay the tariff. Outsiders began to drift in and, coming once, were enchanted. Returning, they became part of the regime.

"Peasants" in the Wings

Until two years ago this peculiar regime was best expressed in the person of Lady Jane Williams-Taylor, tall, statuesque, supremely elegant in her eighty-fifth year. Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, for many years general manager of the Bank of Montreal, was a gentleman of the old school. A Nova Scotian, he had been knighted when he was with the bank in London and he brought a British atmosphere back with him. After he retired from the bank they customarily divided their year between Nassau and Murray Bay, and in either place it was Lady Jane who headed up the social register. Guests at the Manoir still talk about the way Lady Jane and her retinue swept into dinner, always in evening dress. She invariably had the choice table, at the corner of the V-shaped dining room, commanding both wings. And the social status of the other guests in the hotel could be computed by the closeness of their tables to that of Lady Jane. Anyone who was anyone would be within nodding distance of Lady Jane, and the "peasants" would be carefully placed at the very outside of the wings so as not to disturb her digestion.

To the last Lady Jane had a keen and discriminating eye, particularly for the male figure. A clerk in the gift shop was queried by Lady Jane about her boy friend. "He's not very good-looking but he's awfully nice," the girl confessed. Lady Jane sniffed. "I like them not very nice but very good-looking," she observed.

Sir Frederick always made an impressive entrance in the bar in the evening. Letting his evening cape slide from his shoulders to the floor, in a penetrating voice he would ask the waiter, "Anyone notable or distinguished here tonight, Chris?" And Chris would invariably reply, "Well, you are here, sir."

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INCOME FACTS

No question about it—
I can't live without it,
And right at this minute
I can't live within it.



—P. J. Blackwell

He spent many of his daylight hours on the tricky miniature golf course behind the Manoir. His favorite opponent was the late Quebec Superior Court Chief Justice Robert A. E. Greenshields, and since both of them were somewhat deaf and somewhat suspicious about each other's strokes, great and loud arguments invariably ensued. But, no matter how bitter the argument, it never prevented resumption of the play the following day.

It was on the miniature course, playing with William Schmitt of Baltimore, that Sir Frederick once revealed his great tact. The pair were being held up by four girls who showed no willingness to let them through. Finally Sir Frederick approached them. "Girls," he said, "those charming shoulders and hips, their movement is completely distracting me from my game. What can I do?" The girls asked the pair to play through.

But Sir Frederick's greatest weakness was long-winded stories, with which he used to buttonhole unsuspecting guests. He would launch into an anecdote which spun on and on. Sometimes the ending was worth it. Sometimes Sir Frederick completely lost track of the thread of the story down some bypath which the telling had opened up. Older guests learned how to beat strategic retreats when Sir

Frederick showed signs of an attack coming on.

The conflict of the old order with the new came to a dramatic climax when a character notoriously in the news as a confere of Al Capone spoke to Lady Jane in a spirit of pure camaraderie. She swept into the manager: "There's a murderer in the hotel!" she cried. "A murderer!" Instead of throwing the miscreant into chains the manager soothed her. "Don't worry. He's on his best behavior. Why don't you invite him to dinner, just to be on the safe side?" Lady Jane did not follow the suggestion.

Though the Williams-Taylors are no more, their spirit still seems to hover over the Manoir and *maitre d'hôtel* Gustave dares sit only the ranking socialites at the table formerly occupied by that venerable couple. Two years ago granddaughter Brenda Frazier, complete with husband "Shipwreck" Kelly and baby, arrived at the Manoir via Quebec and their usual pair of planes: one plane to fly in, the other to bring the baggage, car and chauffeur.

Curiously enough it is the indefinitely elegant air represented both by the Williams-Taylors and the French furniture which is part of the charm of the Manoir Richelieu. Contrary to a popular impression it is not required to dress for dinner; nor are sports clothes forbidden in the dining room. But it is interesting to notice that the tourist who saunters into the dining room on his first day without a tie invariably wears one the next day. The atmosphere is contagious. At the Manoir they do not believe in introducing guests to each other and they do not believe in organizing sports. Should guests wish to know each other they get around to it if the feeling is mutual, and there are plenty of sports without organization—swimming, golf, tennis, riding, fishing, even croquet and lawn bowling, and billiards for those who want to remain indoors.

The golf course ranks with the most

SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY

By Peter Whalley



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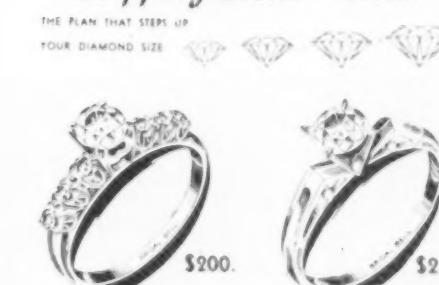


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TOUR DIAMOND SIZE



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"Stepping Stone" OFFER



There's everything to see in the



MAJESTIC MOUNT ROBSON, tallest peak in the Canadian Rockies, soars 12,972 feet into the clouds.

You don't know Canada until you've visited the West . . . There's something to see every minute . . . and your way there is as pleasant as your stay there when you travel Canadian National. It's a fascinating journey on the famous Continental Limited in smart modern equipment and a friendly relaxing atmosphere.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL

THE ONLY RAILWAY SERVING ALL TEN PROVINCES

beautiful in Canada and is a tricky test of skill. The greens in particular are bewildering until you realize that the invariable roll is toward the St. Lawrence in spite of what the contour may seem to indicate.

Evening entertainment is typical of summer hotels—dancing, movies, bingo. The Boulevard families pay admission to the dances but they enjoy the privileges of the hotel on the same basis as the guests. Since they furnish some of the best-looking feminine adornment to the Manoir facilities it seems like a fair exchange.

According to manager Fred L. Abel, the Manoir prides itself more on its food and service than its recreational facilities. Food comes first and the dining room, which can seat seven hundred people at one time, runs like a piece of well-oiled machinery. The Manoir does not follow the practice of other summer hotels in hiring college girls as waitresses. They discovered that college girls, unlike college men, have a disconcerting habit of leaving in midseason to take their own vacations. So as much as possible the Manoir hires professional waitresses. A group of these move with Gustave at the end of the season to the British Colonial Hotel in Nassau. This group, about eighty strong, consisting of waitresses and captains, are the nucleus about which Gustave organizes his dining-room service.

Suave, diplomatic, Swedish-born, Gustave Warlund belongs to that school of headwaiter which frowns on the noise of a popping champagne cork as evidence of mishandling of the wine. His career since 1918 has taken him from the Grand Hotel in Stockholm through many of the important hotels including Claridge's and the Waldorf-Astoria.

The food at the Manoir lives up to manager Abel's claim. The menu is varied and tasteful and the specialty of the district, Murray Bay lamb, has a distinctive flavor which is derived from the lamb feeding on salted grass. But it is when à-la-carte service is required that chef Peter Jurisich and his staff rise to great culinary heights. Some idea of the magnificence of such dinners may be gained from the fact that at conventions and special dinners it is not unusual to have a charge of ten or twelve dollars a plate extra on the bill, which normally includes food and lodging, American plan.

When the late Duke of Kent visited Canada he stayed in the vicinity of the Manoir and expressed a wish to visit the massive pile. It was arranged that he would have lunch on the premises and discreet enquiries were launched as to what rare dish would please his fancy. The reply came back through an equerry: "One breaded veal chop." The chop was served as requested, but it left a deep sense of frustration with Peter and his staff.

The Manoir is expensive but its minimum of sixteen dollars per day, room and board, is actually lower than that of some other luxury hotels. The rate is kept deliberately low, as the company hitherto has been more than happy with a break-even figure for the year's operation. As manager Fred Abel points out, justification for the Manoir's lack of profit has rested with

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the undoubtedly attraction it exercises for the people who pack the three CSL steamers which ply the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay.

The cruise liners usually hit Murray Bay around noon, and the passengers swarm ashore, flood through the town and up into the Manoir, make rapid purchases in the gift shop, gawk at the impressive display of Canadiana, snap each other's photos against the Manoir background and then race back for the ship, thrilled with their brief venture into another and mysterious world. The hotel guests retreat nervously from the onslaught and then make their appearance again when the tidal wave has receded. Only on Thursdays are they forced actually to rub shoulders with the *hot pollen*, when the cruise ship stays overnight at the dock.

The Manoir's grounds and golf course are beautifully kept. This is the particular responsibility of superintendent Hector Warren, who speaks English with a bit of a Boyer accent. A civil engineer, graduate of Queen's, he is a native of the district. His ancestors are Scottish but Hector speaks far better French than he does English. At sixty-seven he has seen the Manoir through all its stages. He went to work for it in 1924 with golf-course architect Herbert Strong, in building of the new course. He saw the old hotel burn and he helped build the new one. During the summer he superintends the activity of all the outdoor help and during the winter he handles the maintenance employees. For twenty-eight years he was mayor of Pointe-au-Pic, the village which runs from the Manoir gates to the waterfront. The Warren family is practically everywhere you turn in Pointe-au-Pic and La Malbaie; only three of the twelve Warren brothers remained bachelors, and Hector was one of these.

Keeping the grounds in order is sometimes a bit of a problem for Hector. He had to erect a barbed-wire fence around one of the water reservoirs to prevent the female help from using it as a swimming pool. He caught one girl in it and lectured her: "First of all it's against the rules to swim in there, and secondly it's against the law to swim without a bathing suit. It's also very embarrassing." Another time he had to cut down a couple of his beloved trees when he discovered they grew too conveniently close to the girls' dormitory.

Hector has watched the old order change at the Manoir. He sees more and more Americans coming; in August the percentage is something like ninety percent American. And he has seen the Canadian group linked with the Boulevard dwindling. The Desmond Clarkes, the Ernest Savards, Aline Jobin from Montreal, the Mortimers and Booths from Ottawa, the Harry Hatchets from Toronto, Dr. and Mme Guigueres from Quebec City — they seem to be getting fewer and fewer. And he wonders how much longer can the old elegant Manoir hold off the new and irreverent crowd. Meanwhile, Hector manages to keep up with them.

An American couple motored in from Quebec, missing the Manoir to land in Pointe-au-Pic at the Chateau Murray, owned by Hector's brother. Hector volunteered to show them the sights. The American was busy filling Hector's ear with what a great nation they are below the border, how quickly they do things, erect buildings, build bridges. As they chatted they rounded a bend in the road to be confronted by the Manoir in all its summer glory.

"Where did this come from?" asked the amazed American.

"I don't know," said Hector blandly. "It wasn't here when I passed yesterday." ★

Mickey's Giving Murder a Bad Name

Continued from page 24

the Witnesses. He was baptized by the rite of total immersion and became a lay minister of the sect.

When I visited Mickey Spillane he picked me up at the Newburgh ferry in his soupy red convertible and apologized for being late. He had been digging a neighbor's car out of a snowbank. He bought me two Texas redhots and got some more to take home to his ubiquitous house guests. At Little Bohemia we found two of them installing kitchen gadgetry. One had a bloody head from going through a windshield of a truck. Spillane doctored him with a bottle of sherry. In the living room Spillane's children were hopping in a play pen. The room looked like a toy store with its shelves swept off the floor. Spillane asked Kathy, his three-year-old, to name me an animal in a picture book. She said it was a brontosaurus. Spillane said, "Kathy asked me the name of it and I told her." He called to his wife, "Hey, Babe, we'll be in the studio."

There was a single-spaced foolscap manuscript in his typewriter. "I don't make any corrections on copy," he said. "I sit down and write it and never look at it again. I don't read my books."

He opened a file drawer and gave me some clippings of stories attacking the books. "Why should I be sore? People pay for my stuff; they can make fun of it. I get the old buck."

Everything's Going to Change

Spillane punctured two cans of beer and rolled back in his metal swivel chair. "You heard about the Jehovah's Witnesses stuff?" I said I had. Spillane said, "Well, I am doing Witness work. I go out door-to-door four nights a week bringing the truth. Friday nights I take Bible instruction." He read me a passage from a pocket Bible he took from the pocket of his shirt.

"Since I became a Witness," Spillane continued, "the attacks on my books are worse. The Witnesses all over the country have to defend me. People tie me up with this Hammer character. They pick on me personally. Hell, I'm a guy you can get along with. I'm polite to everybody. I'll help anybody out."

He brought out his Bible and held it in his hard brown hand. "I want to make a statement. My books are going to change. Since I got the truth, the Hammer books will be different.

"I realize my books have supported the moral breakdown of this generation. I write down the pattern of life young people live today. When they read my books they keep on doing it. The books bolster causes of moral breakdown.

"I'm going to change my writing style entirely, but keep the books just as exciting. I'm going to take the sex out and substitute such interesting characterizations that you won't be able to quit reading. It's a real challenge to me. My style has definitely changed. I'm revising my books God's way to bring them up to par.

"I haven't written a book since I became a Witness. The first book I wrote since I got the truth is in the typewriter there, *Kiss Me comma Deadly*." He put the Bible back in his shirt and buttoned it down. He looked out the window and grimmed near to grimacing. There was a hint of the old unregenerate Spillane. He said, "The books are going to be different." He paused. "I'm cutting my throat. I know it." ★



FOR YOUR ROOF



CEDAR SHAKES

FOR EXTERIOR WALLS

...a perfect combination of beauty...style...value

YOUR HOME will keep its "just built" look for many extra years if you select a quality roof of red cedar shingles, and complimentary walls of cedar shakes.

The lovely Colonial pictured above is more than 10 years old, yet the cedar shingle roof and the beautiful cedar shake walls are as fresh and attractive as they were in 1939. Notice the wide rows of sparkling white shakes with their charming horizontal shadow lines. Observe the mellow beauty of the roof. No other materials provide such luxury at comparable cost. Whether you plan on having a Colonial, Ranch style, Cape Cod or Modern home, you'll find that a roof of cedar shingles and walls of cedar shakes will more than satisfy your desire for beauty, comfort and long years of dependable service.

SPECIAL BOOKLETS FOR HOME PLANNERS—Mail the coupon below for your copies of "Homes of Beauty" and the "Handbook for Successful Building." In beautiful color, these planning aids will give you ideas on floor plans as well as complete information on building with cedar shingles and shakes.

	RED CEDAR SHINGLE BUREAU Metropolitan Building, Vancouver 1, B.C. Gentlemen: Enclose 25¢ for your two booklets—"Homes of Beauty" and "Handbook for Successful Building".
Name.....	
Address.....	
City.....	Prov.....



*Entirely
NEW!
Completely
DIFFERENT!*



This is a 10.6 cu. ft. Cyclo-matic De Luxe model. This model is also available in 9 cu. ft. size.

The *Cyclo-matic* Frigidaire



A Wonderful New Food Freezer and Refrigerator Combined

How you've waited—and waited—for a refrigerator-freezer combination like this revolutionary new Frigidaire! So startlingly new in carefree convenience—so completely automatic—that it actually ushers in a new era in refrigeration service. Why, it even gives you a new, safer kind of cold!

Levecold—a new idea in cold! Outside weather makes no difference to Levecold. Blow hot, blow cold, Levecold temperatures stay super-safe, super-cold. Gone are the ordinary refrigerator's "see-saw" temperatures that steal goodness and flavor from foods. Levecold is the finest cold known, for both refrigerator and food freezer. Zero-zone safe in the food freezer, where foods can't thaw and re-freeze. Super-safe in the

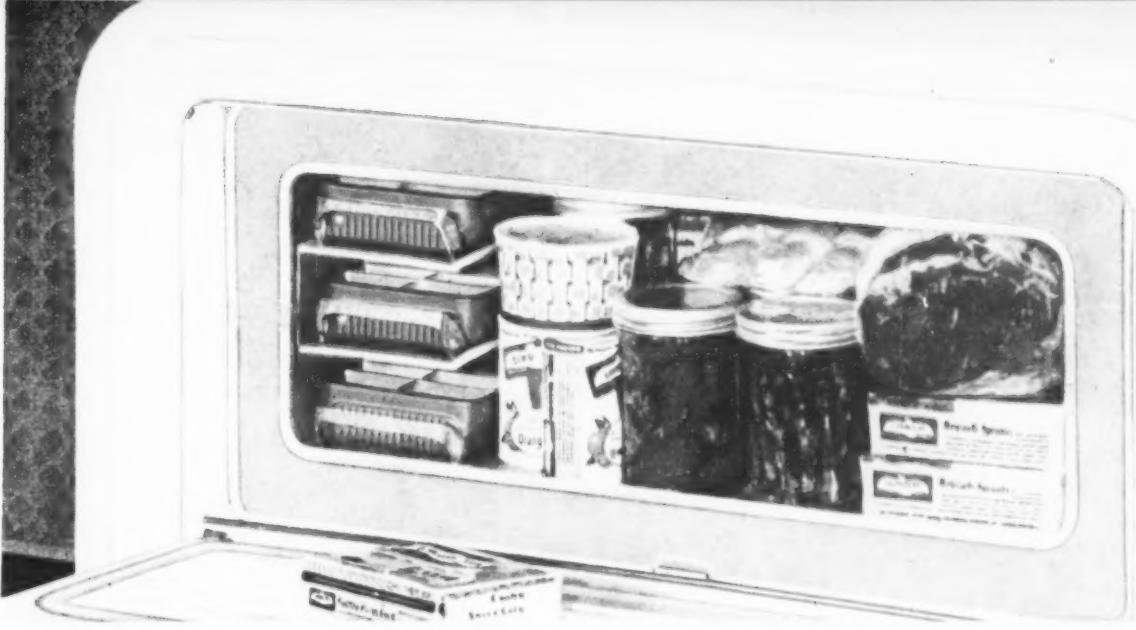
refrigerator, as the built-in Food Safety Indicator proves. And always *uniform*—just as cold in the big Hydrators as on the shelf nearest the Refrig-o-plate.

Completely automatic, too! Frigidaire automatically answers to changes in weather—reacts trigger-fast to heavy or light use—without setting a single dial or control. The Cyclo-matic system rigidly controls cold in the Food Freezer—constantly regulates the flow of cold in the Cold-Wall chilling coils, and in the Refrig-o-plate—a device which helps cool the refrigerator, and also controls excess moisture. The Cyclo-matic Frigidaire gives you the most automatically controlled, most constant refrigerator protection ever known!

Here Is Your Food Freezer . . .

Where Levelcold keeps frozen foods zero-zone safe

Not an ordinary "freezing compartment"—but a separate, completely insulated Food Freezer that keeps *all* frozen foods in tip-top condition for months. And, because it is a true freezer, it has no defrosting heating devices to melt ice cream, to "mush" frozen foods. Foods always stay store-fresh, store-clean, easy to use.



Here you can see the thick insulation that surrounds the Food Freezer and completely seals it off from the Refrigerator below.

. . . and Here Is Your Refrigerator

Protected always by Levelcold temperatures—packed with more conveniences than you've ever seen!



New Cyclo-matic Defrosting —

gets rid of frost before it collects

The Refrig-o-plate, an important part of the cold-making system, and the revolutionary new Cyclo-matic defrosting principle, work hand-in-hand to end two of the most annoying problems found in many refrigerators—too much moisture, and manual defrosting. The Refrig-o-plate attracts the excess moisture, and, as soon as the filmiest veil of frost appears, Frigidaire's Cyclo-matic defrosting banishes it like magic. Without clocks, timers, counters or heaters. It's the most reliable, simplest defrosting system known. And only Frigidaire has it!

New "Roll-to-You" Shelves —

put all food at your finger tips

Every shelf rolls out full-length—easily, silently—on satin-smooth nylon rollers. No more "hide-and-seek" with back-shelf foods. Pull-out Hydrators, too—sliding utility tray—and storage space on the door! This Frigidaire puts more food within easy reach than any other refrigerator ever built!

Meter-Miser cold-making power — keeps food safe even in the hottest weather

More reserve power than you'll ever require, even for hottest summer needs! The Cyclo-matic Frigidaire is powered by the greatest cold-making mechanism ever built—the Meter-Miser. Safe, sure, dependable, quiet—and above all, economical. And only Frigidaire has it!



Frigidaire

Canada's No. 1 Refrigerator

WANT TO SPEND 7 EXCITING MINUTES?

Let your Frigidaire Dealer take just that long to tell you the whole Cyclo-matic story. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, Leaside (Toronto 17), Ontario.

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications, or discontinue models, without notice.





Dick Jagger

Canadian Maple Syrup is world renowned for its delicate flavour and delightful clean taste.

Seagram TELLS THE WORLD

"Ice clean taste... look to Canada"



"Say 'Canada' and you think of cool northern air; swift running streams; rich rolling farmland. It seems only natural, then, that there should be an especially clean task to win many of the good things from this favored land."

The above illustration and text are from an advertisement now being published by The House of Seagram throughout the world—in Latin America, Asia, Europe, and Africa. This is one of a series of advertisements featuring Canadian

scenes and Canadian food specialties. They are designed to make Canada better known throughout the world, and to help our balance of trade by assisting our Government's efforts to attract tourists to this great land.

The House of Seagram feels that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—a view dedicated to the development of Canada's stature in every land of the globe.

The House of Seagram

Hard-Rock Miner

Continued from page 21

of the helmet or held in the hand like a flashlight. A thick rubber cord comes back over the wearer's shoulder to a five-pound dry-cell battery in a chrome case that hangs from his belt at the back.

Dusty flashed his lamp around and said, "There's a hell of a lot of muck here." He moved with the mechanical sureness of old habit. He ran his hand over the vein. He flashed his light overhead, then back into the face of a young slusher helper named Pilon. "That's loose you're standing under," he said. Everybody flashed his lamp overhead. About half a ton of granite was peeling from the ceiling a couple of feet above Pilon's head. The miner grinned and moved away. "That would give him a bloody good headache," Dusty said to me.

"Loose" is the least spectacular and most lethal thing in mining. A major cave-in gives plenty of warning: it rumbles and groans, and little chips fly from above for half an hour before the big stuff comes down in an inferno of smoke, dust and a cataclysmic roar. But "loose" is just a bulge in the "back" or "hanging wall" which, to a miner who taps it and listens, represents potential agonizing death. Blasting at Elder, where the vein lies in solid granite and the ceiling can be safely supported by leaving huge pillars every seventy-five to one hundred feet, comes out clean and firm. But in some mines where the vein lies in softer stone, there's always "loose" after a blast. A miner is supposed to scale down to his working position, testing each place with his iron, a sort of crowbar. Most of them are inclined to get careless about it.

The stope miner, such as the men Dusty was talking to, has better equipment than Dusty used to work with, but his work is basically the same as when Dusty was learning his trade. Working with a helper the stoper washes the face down with a hose to see the vein and decides where to drill his holes for the dynamite that will blast out the ore. He uses a compressed-air-driven rock drill about the size and general appearance of a machine gun, with a long inch-thick steel bit, from three to ten feet long, protruding from it. The stoper lugs it up into position in tight awkward corners, sets it, gets it started into the rock and stands by while the drill

automatically feeds itself into the rock with a revolving hammering motion, amid an inconceivable racket, like that of a dozen cement breakers with a huge screeching noise added. When it reaches the end of the bit the miner shuts it off and, in a silence that's almost as great a shock as the noise, changes to a longer bit, working up to as long as ten feet, depending on the particular angle of the rock. He does this for an entire shift, spacing the holes so that when they fire consecutively they will knock out the maximum amount of rock, and averages twelve holes during his eight-hour shift.

His only break is when he eats his lunch. He goes back to the station, a dismal rock-walled enlarged part of the shaft lit by a few naked bulbs, sits on a wooden bench, and, while he eats from his lunch pail, talks to the other miners, maybe plays a short game of poker for half an hour, and goes back to the working position.

About an hour before his shift finishes he walks back to the station and phones the surface for his dynamite and fuses. The fuses are long black sticky wicks about a quarter of an inch thick and from six feet (the minimum allowed by the Miner's Act) up to whatever length he requires. Each fuse has a cap crimped onto the end. He picks these up at the station, puts them in a sack and takes them back to the stope. He shoves the first stick of dynamite home with a wooden loading stick, shoves the capped end of a fuse into the second stick and fills the rest of the hole with alternating sticks of dynamite and pieces of wood. As he loads the other holes he cuts the fuses with his jackknife, crouched in the dark, working by the light of his lamp, carefully measuring them so that the shortest one will give him ample time to get up to another level, or about two hundred and fifty feet out along a drift. Each fuse is cut two feet longer than the last to blow eighty seconds later. A red string inside the wick controls the speed of the burning at forty seconds per foot. He slits the end to free the powder, sees that his gear is in a sheltered spot and covers it up with timbers to protect it from flying rock.

Although it's known throughout the mine that all blasting is done at the end of the shift, as an extra precaution, if there are other ways into the stope than the one the stoper and his helper will take out, they put up a warning sign. The stoper's helper is compelled by law to stay with him while he lights the

FANCY FARE!



Luscious Butterfly Buns

Treats like these come easy now—with speedy new DRY Yeast

If you bake at home—your yeast problems are ended! Never again find yourself out of yeast because it spoils so quickly. Never again worry if your yeast is fresh enough. This new fast-acting Dry Yeast keeps full strength in the cupboard—right till the moment you need it. No refrigeration needed!

BUTTERFLY BUNS (Makes 20 Buns)

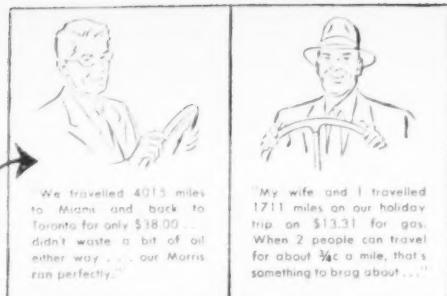
Measure into a large bowl
½ cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of
1 envelope Fleischmann's
Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
In the meantime, scald
¾ cup milk
¾ cup granulated sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ cup shortening
Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm;
add to yeast mixture. Stir in
1 well-beaten egg
Stir in

2 cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth; work in
2½ cups once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly-floured board and
knead dough lightly until smooth and
elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top
with melted butter or shortening. Cover
and set dough in warm place, free from
draught and let rise until doubled in bulk.
While dough is rising, combine
½ cup brown sugar (lightly
pressed down)
1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon
½ cup washed and dried seedless
raisins
¼ cup chopped candied peels
Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal
portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each

piece into an oblong 24 inches long and
7½ inches wide; loosen dough.
Spread each oblong with
2 tablespoons soft butter or
margarine
and sprinkle with the raisin mixture. Be-
ginning at the long edges, roll each side up
to the centre, jelly-roll fashion. Flatten
slightly and cut each strip crosswise into
10 pieces. Using a lightly-floured handle
of a knife, make a deep crease in the centre
of each bun, parallel to the cut sides. Place,
well apart, on greased cookie sheets.
Grease tops. Cover and let rise until
doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot
oven, 375°, about 18 minutes. If desired,
cool and spread with confectioners' icing.



Owners agree



YOUR DOLLAR RIDES FARTHER IN A MORRIS



READ WHAT TYPICAL MORRIS OWNERS SAY ABOUT MORRIS ECONOMY AND PERFORMANCE

Morris is easy on gas and oil... smooth, sturdy and comfortable to drive... simple to park... saves money on cost and upkeep... is attractively styled.

Try the Morris... prove to yourself that your dollar rides farther in a Morris!



Drive a MORRIS

SEE YOUR NEAREST MORRIS DEALER NOW

These excerpts are from letters on file at our Ontario Distributor's Office, Toronto.

52-1



Cash's WOVEN NAMES
Mark everything, and avoid losses. Permanent. Attach with a few stitches, or use No-So Cement. From your dealer, or

Cash's — Belleville 15 Ontario

CASH'S | 3 doz. \$2.25 | 9 doz. \$3.25 | NO-SO CEMENT NAMES | 6 doz. \$2.75 | 12 doz. \$3.75 | 25¢ per tube



fuse in case of accident. The stopper walks from fuse to fuse, lighting them with a thing like a 24th-of-May sparkler, called a spitter, and calmly starts on his way to the shaft. He chats with his helper while the fuses he just touched off burn toward enough dynamite to blast tons of rock from the bowels of the earth and bounce the buildings a fifth of a mile above. By the time he reaches the point of safety, the first shot goes off.

It starts with a flat rifle-like crack as the cap and the first stick of dynamite go, followed by a gigantic roar and rumble of falling rock; a wave of air slams along the drift, flaps the miner's oilskins and makes the dust fly from the ceiling. The miner goes on talking, but from old habit he is at the same time counting the shots. If he drilled nine holes and only eight went off he reports a miss on the surface so that the next shift can watch for it, wash it out or explode it before starting to drill. By the time the miner is at the surface getting ready to go home the mine's ventilating system begins clearing out the deadly carbon-monoxide gas from the blast.

The blast leaves gold-bearing ore littering the stope in glistening mountains, but the stuff that glitters isn't gold, but pyrite, or fool's gold. The real gold can't be seen, has to be recovered by a long elaborate process of milling. The Elder mine's seventy-five underground workers bring down about five hundred tons of ore per day from which the average gold yield is around one fifth of an ounce per ton.

Sometimes a miner washing down a face will flash his lamp on free gold that clings to the rock like the filling in a tooth. In some mines the men have to pass naked between the place where they take off their mining clothes to the place where they dress. At Elder there is no such routine, although the miners are pretty well observable at all stages between shifts.

"Besides, I'm usually on the job right after a blast," Dusty told me. "I know where there's liable to be high grade. I can smell it."

A Woman Is Bad Luck

When the men we had left at the head of the stope, and the dozens of others Dusty saw that morning, finish their shift, they ride up to the surface in the skip and go to the dry house, a mine building that looks a bit like a football dressing room on a muddy day. The men's clothes are hoisted up to the ceiling to be dried in a current of warm air, giving the place the appearance of a disorderly and exceedingly dirty laundry. A fine cloud of aluminum dust is blown through the room by compressed air to be inhaled by the miners as a safeguard against silicosis, a lung condition sometimes caused by breathing rock dust. Most miners take lots of cod-liver oil to compensate for lack of sunshine and every two months or so have to have a doctor clear their ears of the wax that nature builds up as a protective cushion against the underground noises. Apart from these things, and the fact that their ears occasionally plug up from change of pressure at various depths and have to be poked free with a finger, a miner suffers no noticeable effects from his underground life.

During the change of the afternoon shift Dusty pointed out one tired-looking miner and said, "He's got his old lady's stocking over his head." The miner grinned. Dusty explained that it's a common trick for a miner to tie a knot in his wife's or girl friend's stocking and pull it over his head to keep the dust out of his hair.

The men I saw at Elder were for

the most part the same as the hundreds of hard-rock miners Dusty has worked with all his life—as is Dusty himself: profane, hard-working, hard-playing, capable of risking their lives for one another underground and blackening one another's eyes on the surface, the older ones superstitious about a woman coming down a mine and muttering on such an occasion, "It's going to be a tough shift," the younger ones getting wanderlust when the spring buds burst far away up on the surface and changing to another mine; but all content with mining as a steady good-paying job where a man has a chance to do a man's work.

A driller at Elder averages \$10 a day stoping. If he is working in a raise or drift he makes \$12 to \$14 a day. Shaft sinkers make \$14 to \$16 a day. Each category has a helper who makes about a dollar a day less. A mucker or a trammer makes \$10 a day. The man who operates a slusher, the machine that drags the ore from the working place to a raise, makes about \$9.95; his helper about \$8. An underground worker has to buy his own clothes. His rubber boots, which last only a month to six weeks, cost \$8.50. His lamp and battery are provided by the mine.

It's Better Down Below

The CIO Mine Mill and Smelter Union operates in the district, but Elder is an open shop, and none of the miners belong to a union. "I've only had one visit from an organizer," Dusty said. "He soon left. Why should I have to hire and fire men according to seniority? If you came from another mine and a promotion came up I'd have to try everyone else with more seniority before I gave you the job. Yet you may be an experienced all-round miner."

Unlike most men at Elder, who live on farms or in Rouyn or Noranda, Dusty lives at the mine in a five-room frame house with his wife Enis, a vivacious friendly woman of Italian descent, and three children: Gail, nine; Noreen, ten; and Eddie, twelve, a sensitive-looking boy who wants to be a free-lance magazine illustrator, an ambition Dusty vaguely but staunchly approves.

Right now, between his daily trips underground, Dusty is having the time of his life working at his particular trade of shaft-sinker, sinking a new shaft that will intersect the system of veins at Elder farther south. He has never had any desire to be a prospector: "It's only good when there's a boom on."

Once while in a mining camp one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest railway he saved seventeen hundred dollars in eleven months and started back to the Old Country. "I never got past Winnipeg," he grinned. "At that, I did better than a lot of them. Some of them never get out of camp. They lose it all at poker."

All in all, after twenty-seven years, he still enjoys his work. While I was getting ready to say good-by, he opened the door a crack, spat out into an early October snowstorm and said, "I've got one of the nicest little mines in the country here. Yet it's not so big that a man is never noticed and never gets a chance of a promotion."

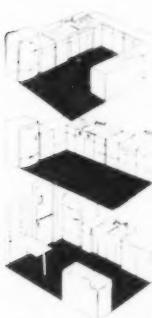
Another thing Dusty likes about his job at Elder is that he can still spend most of his time where he likes best to be—underground. "Once you've been underground for long," he said, "it's hard to work on the surface. In the summer I want to get down to get cool; and in the winter I want to get down to get warm. I always feel better when I'm down there." *

Practical planning ideas



for
kitchen
convenience

Before planning a kitchen it's often well to ask yourself a few questions to determine just what you intend to do in it. For example: do you plan to eat in the kitchen... or do some entertaining there? Will the children sometimes use it as a playroom? Do you want it to serve also as a sewing room? Will you be doing light laundry and ironing there? Answers to such questions provide a good starting point for planning the kind of kitchen that best suits your particular requirements and desires.



CENTRE—Whatever the layout decided upon however, nothing deserves more consideration than the selection of the right type of sink. Around it revolve so many of the daily household duties. It's both the centre of meal preparation and the cleaning-up centre. You want the right type for your needs, with the right size, depth and convenient work area.

Today's kitchen sinks may be divided into two main types, both with many variations. There is the flat rim type that can be built in flush with a continuous tile, linoleum or composition counter top. Such are available in the Crane line in sturdy Porcelain-on-Steel with either single or double basin, and with or without integral back ledge. Then there is the sink combined with drainboard as a continuous unit, suitable for cabinet installation. Crane has a complete variety of these, too, in gleaming porcelain enamel cast iron. They are available with either single or double basin, and may be obtained with drainboard on either or both sides. Your Plumbing Contractor will be glad to supply you with full information on the different types from which you can make your desired selection.

WINDOW Just because the sink is such an important work centre, where so much time is spent every day, it's a good idea to have a window over it, offering an outside view and providing the most light where light is most useful. And it's well, too, to consider an electric light over the sink with its own control switch.

STORAGE You can hardly have too much storage space in the kitchen—especially if there is no pantry. You'll want cabinets for storing packaged and canned foods near the refrigerator, for pots and pans near the sink, and for cooking utensils, etc., near the range. Under-sink cabinets are valuable and all Crane sinks can be supplied with factory-made cabinets to match modern kitchen interiors.

HOT WATER Much of the value of the modern sink depends upon a plentiful supply of hot water. Here again, you'll want to consult your Plumbing and Heating Contractor. He can tell you of the many different types of domestic hot water heating equipment available. One of the most interesting recent developments is the "Biltin" tankless instantaneous coil part and parcel of the modern Crane heating boiler which gives you an uninterrupted supply of hot water without a storage tank.

Most satisfactory way to obtain a flow of water at the exactly right temperature

is to have a "mixing spout faucet" which delivers the water through one spout.

FAUCETS Once a faucet starts dripping, replace the washer promptly. It's a good rule to have new washers put on your taps twice a year. Better still, get the new "Dial-eze" faucets which close with the pressure, operate with finger-tip control. They reduce wear and consequent wasteful dripping of hot or cold water. There is a "Dial-eze" design for every use in the home on bathtubs and washbasins, sinks and laundry tubs.

WHY TRAPS? The main reason for the U-shaped traps under all plumbing fixtures is not for the recovery of valuables "lost down the drain". They create a "water seal" which keeps dangerous sewer gases from rising through the waste pipe.

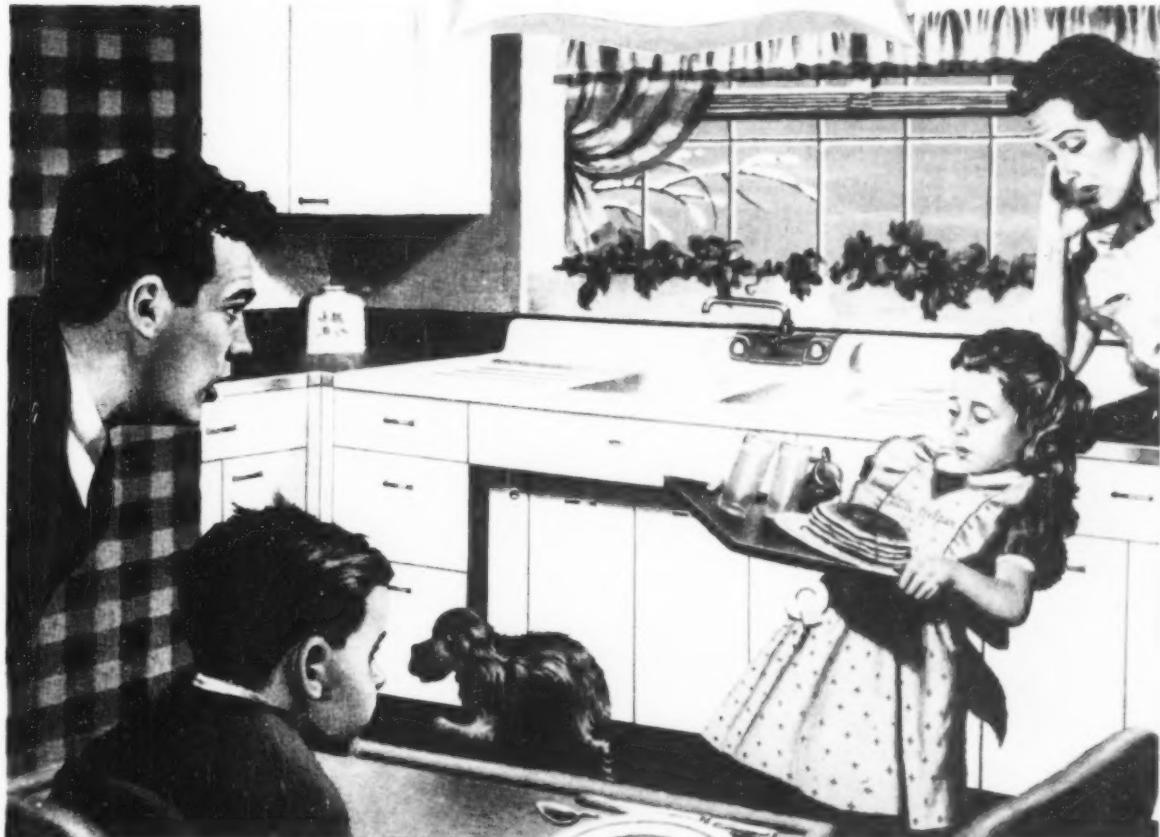
Consult your Architect and Plumbing and Heating Contractor That's one of the best ideas of all—whether you're selecting, installing or operating plumbing and heating equipment. Ask him for the booklet "A Guide To Planning the Modern Bathroom, Powder Room, Kitchen and Home Laundry" or write to Crane General Office, 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal.

for every home...

for every budget....

CRANE

...the preferred plumbing!



She has the right idea—but

Little Helper's well-meant efforts may sometimes have the opposite result—but she certainly has the right idea: to lighten mother's kitchen work.

Anything that can help accomplish *that* is important—and nothing more important than the right sink. It should be convenient and easy-to-clean, with enduring finish and spacious work area.

The right sink for *your* requirements is available in the complete Crane line—with single or double basin, single or double drainboard—and all the practical features that make kitchen work easier. Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor. He'll be glad to help you select the Crane sink that best suits your particular plans.

Be up-to-date with....

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6 CANADIAN FACTORIES • 18 CANADIAN BRANCHES

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Stop RADIATOR TROUBLE Now!

* Unless you are asking for trouble—your radiator deserves a thorough spring cleaning! Get rid of winter's accumulated rust and dirt the easy, effective way—with these three Bowes radiator conditioners. Then you can enjoy care-free spring and summer motoring.



BOWES RADIATOR KLEN-ZUR

Quickly removes rust and scale . . . contains no harmful acid . . . makes cooling system like new.

BOWES RADIATOR RUST-ROUT

Protects the cooling system, prevents accumulation of more rust—lubricates water pump, too.

BOWES RADIATOR STOP-LEAK

Effectively seals any existing leaks and helps prevent new leaks.



DRIVE IN WHERE YOU SEE THIS EMBLEM

* It takes so little time to condition your cooling system for spring and summer driving . . . yet it can be so costly and troublesome to neglect it. Don't delay—prepare NOW for spring and summer with Bowes Cooling System Chemicals.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CO. LTD., HAMILTON, ONT.

The Courting of Jenny

Continued from page 18

slowed his steps, not wanting to meet with the others yet; afraid that the turbulence inside himself would communicate itself to them. He spied a log, straddled it and let his mind go back to Jenny and the afternoon.

HE HAD gone down to the far bay to see if the island tug had picked up the two poles he had salvaged a couple of evenings earlier and had come back by the old school trail. A hundred yards off the road he had come upon Jenny filling a pail with blackberries.

"How's the picking?" he said.
"Oh—" She was startled. "All right, I guess."

"You come up here often?" He was making conversation, not analyzing the reason but wanting to hear her talk, wanting to see the berry-stained lips part in a smile.

"When the blackberries are on." She seemed pleased and surprised that he had stopped to talk.

"Seems forever since we used to come this way to school, doesn't it?"

"Yes," she said, letting her eyes go back. "Two years."

"Three for me," he grinned. "Gosh, them were the days. Ever go up to the lake any more?"

She shook her head. He had a sudden urge. "Let's go up there now. I'll help fill your pail and you can pick it up on your way back."

The sun was high as they turned off the school trail to the overgrown path that skirted Hidden Lake. Once out of the shade of undergrowth the heat rose in waves from the dried marsh grass; sandpipers flitted across the sand dunes; ducks skimmed across the water to settle and feed near the far shore. The sharp blue of dragonflies whirred endlessly.

"Do you hunt up here?" she asked.
"Nah—there's lots of other places to hunt. Wouldn't seem right coming here to kill things."

"No," she agreed, looking at him wonderingly. The escapades of the Breckner tribe were legend on the islands but any scraps of conversation she had overheard involving Matt had given him grudging approval. Her own approval lay open in her face and in the quickening of her pulse beat. "A tiger don't change his spots nor a leopard his stripes," her Gramps had countered but then he was full of quotes and figures of speech that didn't always apply.

"Look," she said. "Look—water-poppies!"

"Sure, acres of them. Want me to get you some?" He dragged off his shoes, turned up his denims and waded knee deep in the water. "Gosh, it's warm."

"Remember when we used to go swimming here?" She kicked off her sandals and paddled in.

"They should have called it Forbidden Lake," he said and laughed out loud. "Gosh, they couldn't have kept us out with a shotgun them days. Wonder if the kids still come up here?"

"I'll bet they do," she said.

"Wonder if the first ones here still get the hole around the bend?"

"And cheat!" She laughed up at him with the shared memory. "When the girls got here first there was always some boy poking his nose through the bushes."

He joined in her laughter. "And what a hornets' nest that started."

They found a partially submerged log running down from the bank and chose a place to sit between its forked branches while their feet still paddled the water. Jenny broke the shimmering

silence that fell between them. "It's like being alone in the world up here."

"When they tell you about Heaven guess there couldn't be a place more beautiful," he said. "Only this is better. There's a place to swim."

Slowly she lifted her eyes to his and the question that was in them was reflected in his own. "We could," he said. "Sure we could. There wouldn't be anything wrong."

He felt the sudden glow that suffused them both and with one accord they rose. "I'll have the far hole," she said and he barely caught the words before she scampered from view around the bend.

FOR A moment he stood hesitant, his eyes skimming the green duckweed-covered shallows and going on to the crystal clarity of the depths and then he shed the cotton shirt and heavy denims and, stepping down the length of log, clambered out upon a moss-grown deadhead and dove headlong into the pool. Seconds later he heard a splash around the bend.

He swam lazily, effortlessly, feeling the soft flow of the water against his body, swimming frog fashion, crawling, treading, flipping over on his back in a partially submerged arc, arms crossed, staring up at the blue sky, listening . . .

"Matt—" she called.

"Uh-huh."

"It's warm over here."

He turned over and swam again, from the depths of the first pool to the beginning of the bend, splashing and making a great noise. He caught the shimmer of her body through the water. She turned over on her back and her long hair floated in a dark mass on the water. Sunlight caught her face as she laughed over at him.

He slid through the shallows that joined the two pools. They paddled vigorously, splashing, laughing, letting the feel of the slapping water carry the moment; ducking, racing, and, then breathless, they rested. Her eyes, soft as brown velvet, met his in exciting conspiracy yet so completely innocent that the moment hung suspended like a bubble and neither of them spoke for fear of bursting it.

Finally their glances broke and the water swirled with their bodies. They swam tirelessly, turning, feinting, gliding, or just treading water and then floating for long moments on end. He caught up the dried broken fork of a tree from the bank and they used it to rest their arms. Then they swam again, ducking, splashing, the sheen of their young bodies glistening through the water; dragonflies whirring over the far green; birds calling; ducks clustering at the far shore, scattering and clustering again as the waters broke in unaccustomed ripples and the quiet of the afternoon echoed and re-echoed with their voices.

IT WAS much later when Matt dove from an outcropping on the far bank and, looking across the water, saw her still clinging to the forked limb. With sudden concern he swam toward her. "Anything wrong?"

She was slowly treading water. Her hair hung in long wet strands. Her face looked wan and her eyes dropped from his. "I'm tired."

"Tired?" The word was a stranger to him and then he grasped her meaning. "Tired—oh sure, I'll go." Then, looking up into the sky, he was stunned to find the sun's rays coming low on the horizon. "Gee, I didn't mean . . ."

Crimson suffused their faces and spread. The gossamer web that had clothed the afternoon exploded in their faces and their nakedness was like a pointing finger.



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MATT scrambled through the shallows, swam to the first pool, reached the far bank and hurried up. He drew the stiff denims over his still-wet legs and slipped his arms through the sleeves of the old faded shirt. His boots felt hard and uncomfortable on his damp feet.

He went farther up the bank and stood in the dry marsh grass, not wanting to wait but knowing he must, wanting only to hold the past few hours alive in his mind, feeling the soft flow of water around him, seeing the sheen of their bodies, wanting to hold on to all of it because somehow he knew it could never be like this again.

Jenny came up the narrow path and it amazed him that she was still beautiful. He must have been blind all these years. But she was ill at ease now, wanting only to get away.

"Gramps will be looking for me," she said. "I'd better go." She darted ahead of him and soon all he could see was the polka-dotted scarf she had knotted around her head and then she disappeared in a fork of the road.

Matt followed and, when he came to the fork, turned the other way

MACLEAN'S



toward home. He'd had nothing but a few berries since breakfast but when he saw the curling smoke from the cabin he stopped in his tracks. He tucked his shirt in under his belt and ran fingers through his hair. It was as though he anticipated a questioning and yet he couldn't remember that they had ever questioned him.

In his mind's eye he saw Jenny disappearing down the path. Would she have to explain her absence to her grandfather? For the first time he wondered about the strangeness of her life with the hermitlike Gramps who was a fanatic in a sense living apart from the world and its sins and rearing the granddaughter fate had left him in an atmosphere of Biblical quotes and strict discipline. Matt frowned. It could not be much fun for a young girl.

He might have gone on remembering — remembering the flush that had crept up and over her face, the soft eyes, the excitement that had been between them, as crystal clear and shining as the water. But now two mongrel dogs came yapping and racing up the path. He picked up a small stick. "Here, fetch." He tossed the stick far into the underbrush. The dogs leaped forward.

YOU THINK I got nothing to do but serve meals here all hours?" said Ida, Creit's wife, as Matt stepped into the house. "I got a notion to just sit and twiddle my thumbs an' see how it feels to be a lady."

Creit was cleaning his gun on the front stoop. He ducked his head through the open door. "Long as we're living here you're cooking the grub. Ma washes up. You cook." He paused then added. "Take more'n twiddling your thumbs to make you a lady." He grinned over at Matt.

Matt sat down to the table and

began buttering a slab of bread while waiting for Ida to bring in his dinner. Three of the boys were married and of the three wives Matt had always liked Ida best.

Bowman's and Digby's women were cringing shapeless creatures with many children. There were times when Matt had felt a stirring of pity for them but there had been contempt too, for their spineless acceptance of everything. In some ways they reminded him of his mother and this filled him with unaccountable anger. There were times when they had the same lustreless eyes with that vague almost vacant expression as though they could close out their surroundings at will and nothing would touch them.

In comparison, Ida was a prancing war horse full of life and vigor. Coarse laughter and violent abuse fell with equal ease from her lips. When Creit returned alone from one of his bouts in town she would make a great show of favoring Matt and asking, "Eggs boiled just right?" and "You'd never let a girl sit home if you was her man."

Creit would wink at Matt and Matt would wink right back and the abuse would fall like a cloudburst. Then the Old Man would rouse from the couch. Like an evil patriarch of bygone days his rheumy eyes would drip fire. His scrawny beard would part and the Breckner tribal laws would be bellowed forth with new ones added as necessary.

Once in a forgotten period of his life the Old Man had attended a camp meeting and, though no noticeable change for the better had come of it, he had nevertheless garnered suitable quotations that, if not entirely accurate, served his purpose. He spouted a few and glared self-righteously.

"Who God hath joined together let them stay put." He cleared his throat and dared anyone to deny the gems that fell from his lips. ". . . the man shall rule over the woman."

"There's other commandments," said Ida. "What about the others?" She plunked the dish she was carrying upon the table.

"Fah," said the Old Man. "I don't know how Creit came to pick you up but you're here an' you'll stay put. I'm still in control an' you don't want to forget it." He settled back on the couch, rolled over and seemingly went to sleep.

Matt's and Creit's glances met then fell. Andy, the oldest and unmarried, continued reading in his corner. Ma let her knitting drop, eased up from her chair and walked noiselessly out of the room. Ida clattered back to the kitchen and they could hear pots and pans being shoved about, the crash of crockery and the tinkle of glass.

Matt had always had a sort of admiration for the Old Man, a kind of respect as it were for the lion in his den. It came to him now that the others didn't; they hated him. It was the green gold in the hills that tied them to the Old Man's purse strings; that and the freedom that would come with his passing.

I'm a Breckner, thought Matt but something was lacking and it troubled him. Some day when the need came upon him he would fan the flame of restlessness and desire and go hellbent for excitement like the others. Some day he would find a girl like Ida and bring her home for the Old Man's inspection. Someday — there was lots of time.

But now he was no longer sure. Conviction replaced the doubt that stirred within him. He was different. He cared not so much for the Old Man's money and Ida was an insult when he thought of Jenny.

He had never courted a girl. He thought about it now. Tomorrow he

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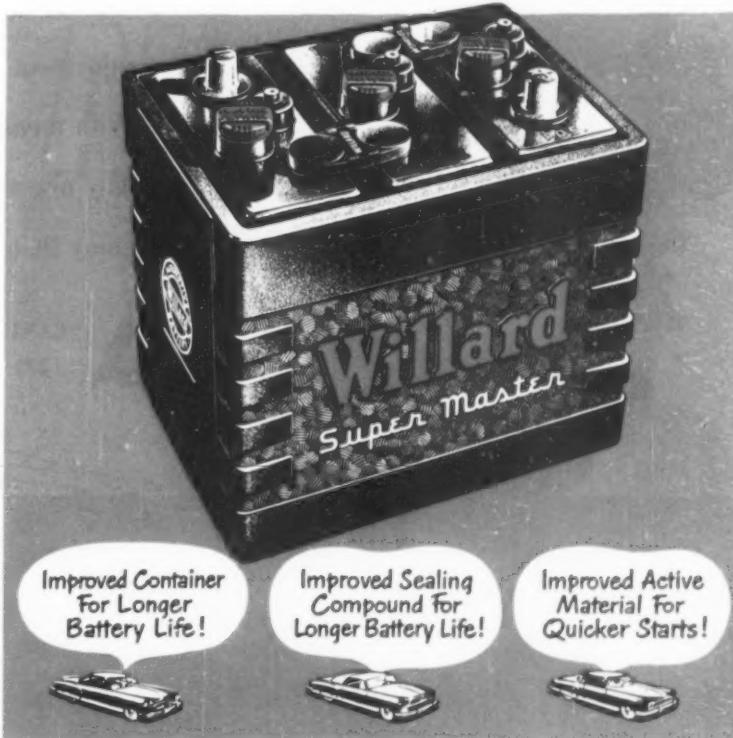
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would call and make himself known to Gramps. Momentarily he worried about the Breckner reputation, then shrugged. He would go out in the morning and start felling timbers for a log cabin. No one could mistake his intentions then. He'd worry Creit and Andy into helping and by the end of the month there ought to be a fair house up.

He shoved back from the table and tried to see his surroundings as if he were looking at them for the first time. The grimy oilcloth covered table, bare in spots, centred the big room. Beneath

his feet the floor was worn and slivered. Unnoticed, Ma was back in the rocker, staring into space. Andy hadn't moved. The Old Man breathed with a disconcerting whistle. Ida went tapping about the rooms, restless, challenging, petulant. It was no place to bring Jenny.

"Say, where'd you spend the day, boy?" Looks like you got a powerful lot of sunning," Creit shot the charged words at him.

Matt felt his ears burning and cursed inwardly at his lack of control.

"Well, son-of-a-seacock, if I don't

believe the white-haired boy's got himself a female. Ida, come here," Creit gurgled with relish. "What woman you suppose our boy could have found all by himself this fine and sunny afternoon?"

"Not Matthew!" said Ida. "Not really. Come on, Matt give. We're going to find out anyway."

"Can't a fellow tie up some salvage without he has to explain every move he makes?" said Matt.

Creit roared. "Salvage! That's a good one." The laughter petered out; there was a knowing look in his eyes.

INTO this Gramps walked with his unwilling granddaughter the next morning. He stomped up to the Old Man and without any preliminaries stated his errand. "I want to know which one o' your boys was up to the lake with Jenny all day yesterday?"

"Tarnation," roared the Old Man, coming upright. "I can't be rightly woke up yet. It sure is news to me." Then seeing the crazy light in Gramp's eyes an appreciative gleam came into his own that ended in a coarse cackle as his beard parted. "If it's true you ought to be stepping on clouds 'stead of pulling that long face."

"I've heard of you Breckners," said Gramps. He pointed his finger right in the Old Man's face.

"Fah," snorted the Old Man.

"You'll not wiggle out from under this. I'll not stand for talk going on about my girl and if she's old enough to go lolly-gagging she's old enough to marry." He looked around the room.

Matt started to say something but Creit cut him off. "You don't have to marry her, Matt. He's just an old crackpot."

"Don't you be calling me names." Gramp's voice rose to an unexpected squeak.

Jenny's face was white and drawn. She had been crying and looked as though she might bolt and run at any moment. Matt felt the net close about him, an invisible tenuous thing but a net all the same. His color was up and his breathing labored.

"Well," said Gramps. "You'll marry her?"

The Old Man snorted. "They got nothing on you, boy," said Creit. Ma resumed her rocking and her eyes closed away the room. Ida's fingers drummed on the window sill. Andy sat silent.

Matt looked at Jenny. She seemed to be waiting for him to speak. His eyes turned to Gramps and he disposed of the question with a shrug. "Why not?"

Jenny looked startled, opened her mouth to say something but nothing came out.

"When?" said Gramps.

"I'm ready any time." He might have been discussing the weather for all the emotion his voice registered.

Creit stared as though he couldn't believe his ears. The Old Man laughed. "Well," said Ida. "You're gonna be one of us, honey," and put her arms around Jenny. But Jenny turned her face away. Andy resumed his reading. Unnoticed, Ma left the room.

The wedding was scheduled for the next Saturday. Gramps had wanted a minister but Matt said the local justice of the peace would tie just as good a knot and Gramps, who had not anticipated such an easy victory in the matter of the marrying and had been prepared to go to court if necessary, did not pursue the argument further.

Andy moved his pillow and blankets from the attic which he had shared with Matt and appropriated the spare couch and a corner of the living room.

"You could fix Matt's room up some," Creit said to Ida.

"If you think I haven't got enough to do without . . ."

"There's no need," said Matt. "Guess she'll have all the time in the world to fix it the way she wants."

Creit looked over at him strangely. The bridal suite was ready.

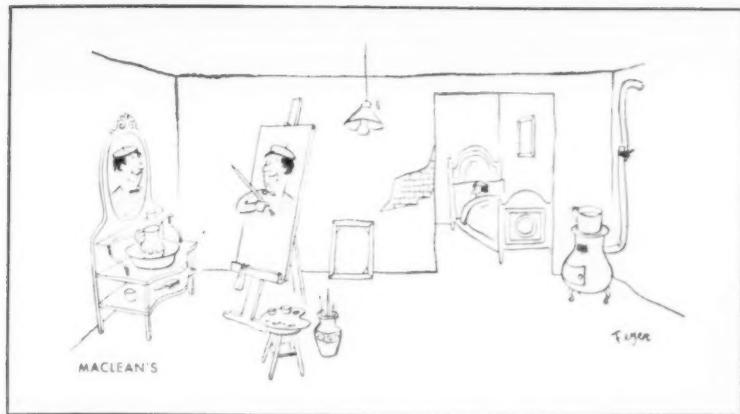
MATT didn't see Jenny again until Gramps walked her over on Saturday morning. She was arrayed in a new satin dress and she wore a flower in her hair. Her eyes held a pleading puppylike devotion that Matt chose to ignore. They drove the scant four miles to the justice of the peace with Ida and Creit sitting in front with Matt,



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and Gramps and Jenny in the back of the Old Man's Model A. The brief ceremony was over in a matter of minutes.

Matt, Ida and Creit relaxed on the way home, laughing and joshing one another while a pitiful smile grew more and more fixed on Jenny's face.

"Now you're one of us, boy," said Creit.

"I don't feel no different," said Matt.

"You're a card, Matt. Hear that, Creit? He don't feel no different," laughed Ida.

The Old Man was busy pouring drinks when they got home. He passed the bottle around.

Matt felt his mother's eyes upon him and then she called Jenny. They conversed for a moment and then the young girl followed the older woman into the kitchen where Ma had made some cookies while they were gone. Jenny brought out a platterful and passed them.

She's like a child dressed in grown-up clothes, thought Matt as he saw her slimness and the girlish curves that did not fill the fullness of the new dress.

For a brief moment the memory of the day at Hidden Lake came between them. He spurned his own weakness that let emotion rise and dwell unabashed like a flood. He wanted to take her in his arms even though she had dared to bring the foolish Gramps to demand marriage; even though, somehow, she had tricked him with her soft innocence; even though she had thrust herself upon him without a single invitation on his part unless . . . But of course she couldn't read his mind.

His eyes were hard upon her so that she felt his gaze and turned hesitatingly, meeting his look with a questioning awareness. The Breckner blood that was in his veins would not let go of the words that sat on his lips without a struggle. Had they been alone at this moment he might have gone to her but he couldn't lose face with the family surrounding them.

"Hey, Matt," called Creit. Reluctantly he turned.

"Have another drink. A wedding's no time to stay sober." The bottle changed hands.

Bowman and Digby arrived with various offspring. "We hear you done it," they said and clapped Matt on the shoulder so hard that he spun across the room.

Creit, Digby, Bowman and Andy got into a huddle. Pretty soon they called Matt over. "Hey, got your stake from the Old Man yet?"

"My timber?" said Matt. "He had a lease drawn up the other day. Got to be signed yet."

"What are we waiting for, boy? Call the airlines for a plane. We could do with a couple of Seabees."

"Yeah," said Digby. "The sky's the limit on any lease the Old Man signs these days with the price of timber being what it is. Remember when you

got married up with Ida, Creit?" "Do I?" said Creit.

"Yeah," said Matt. "Yeah. A marriage ought to be celebrated."

"Hear the boy," said Creit.

"Yeah, but this is going to be different," said Matt. "This is going to be a stag." The boys hooted. "I've always known there'd be a time I'd bust the town wide open and this is it. This is going to be a real humdinger and we don't want no women. Ijis is going to be a stag to top all stags."

"Listen to the boy," said Creit admiringly.

"Hah," laughed the others. "This is sure going to set bad with the islanders. This is going to play plain hell with our reputation. Nobody's ever going to be able to top a stag honeymoon."

"Ssh," said Creit. He looked at the surrounding faces. "I hear a plane."

"Do tell," snorted the Old Man. "They must be mind readers up there." He had his cap in his hand and stomped ahead of them out the door and down the path that led to the bay.

"Can you beat that?" said Matt. "The Old Man must be feeling his oats. He phoned the airlines while we were standing there gassing. Guess his rheumatics must be better. We won't be rid of him for some time."

Ten days later the six of them returned, a little wan in appearance, slightly the worse for wear but much the same. Matt found Jenny staring out the open kitchen window. In the gulf the sun was setting in a billow of flame. The down of shedding fireweed drifted aimlessly. It was close and hot so that the tang of the sea was almost nonexistent. In the distance they heard the call of a hooter.

Jenny looked small and defenseless facing out the window, her shoulders hunched. Matt felt a momentary pang of remorse. "We wouldn't have been gone so long," he said, "only we had to bail the Old Man out of jail." He waited for some recognition of his return. "Well . . ."

He swung her around, forced her to look at him then dropped her shoulders as though they were hot coals. Her eyes were lustreless and hard. Whatever feeling had been there was screened from his view. She's like those others, he found himself thinking like Digby's and Bowman's women . . . even Ma. He strode out of the room.

He remembered her as she had come that morning with her fanatic Gramps and scorn filled him. "They trick you into marriage," he said. "And then . . ." He'd heard the words so many times, from Digby and Bowman and Creit. "They trick you into marriage." He said the words over and over and at last he was beginning to believe them. There was no longer room for the doubt that had, from time to time, stirred uneasily within him.

"What are we waiting for, boy? Call the airlines for a plane. We could do with a couple of Seabees."

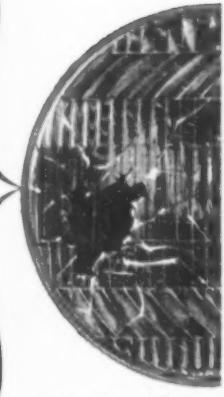
"Yeah," said Digby. "The sky's the limit on any lease the Old Man signs these days with the price of timber being what it is. Remember when you

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The Mulatto King of B. C.

Continued from page 17

thirty seven he was a chief factor, highest rank in the fur trade had changed the high-spirited bridegroom into the stolid formal James Douglas of history. He was called "the Dombey of the fur trade." In a letter to a colleague he wrote: "You have got to learn that obedience is the most important of our duties . . . there can be no such thing as a trifling deviation from orders."

At forty-three the power of which compensated for the inner insecurity of the man of mixed blood thrust Douglas into the high places of the fur trade. He succeeded McLoughlin as head of the board of management. This coincided with the Oregon Treaty, which fixed the British-U. S. boundary line on the forty-ninth parallel. The company had long realized that Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River might be in American territory, and Douglas himself supervised the construction of Fort Victoria on Vancouver Island as an alternative western

headquarters. In June 1849 the move was made. The company "owned" the island in consideration of a seven-shillings-a-year rent to the crown.

Here Douglas lived the well-to-do life of a company chieftain, dining on soup, salmon, venison and duck in the great messroom with its huge open fireplace. No frivolous conversation was allowed during meals; Douglas educated his clerks by introducing some intellectual or scientific subject around which the table talk would revolve.

After dinner and "a glass to the Queen" the junior members retired and

the Kanaka steward brought on tobacco and long clay pipes. Douglas took his, beautifully colored by long and careful smoking, then the rest of the company helped themselves from the pile. "Everybody appeared to smoke calmly and deliberately," reported his son-in-law, Helmcken. "All had to go to church every Sunday . . . and did not seem any the worse for it."

Now that Vancouver Island was a colony a governor was required. The HBC recommended Douglas. Instead the British government chose an unknown young barrister slim, fair Richard Blanshard, correct and ineffectual.

Douglas was dashed. Some of the sting was taken from his disappointment, however, when he was made agent on Vancouver Island for the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound agricultural companies and assigned as salary the two hundred pounds a year it had been intended he should receive as governor. Blanshard served at his own expense.

Douglas received the governor with his usual "cold affability" and, infinitely correct in all his dealings, proceeded to make Blanshard's position untenable. Blanshard stuck it out for a year and a half. He paid his fare on HBC ships as he went about his official duties; he lived aboard HMS Driver until accommodation was found for him in the fort pending a slow completion of his official residence; he bought his supplies at the highest of the HBC's three price lists; employees bought at the lowest rate, Indians at the second, outsiders at the highest.

Finally Blanshard gave up, having appointed a council of three, with Douglas as senior member, to carry on until a new governor should be appointed. On Nov. 19, 1851, Douglas got the job.

Now began an extraordinary period in which Douglas was responsible for his actions as chief factor to the Hudson's Bay Co., and as governor to the secretary of state for the colonies; both these authorities being half a world away he did as he thought best and asked permission afterward.

In his treatment of Indians he was eminently successful. Difficulties arose of course. On one occasion, parlaying with the Cowichan Indians for the surrender of one of the tribe accused of murdering an HBC shepherd, he sat perfectly still on a camp stool, surrounded by natives in battle array, smoking his pipe with apparent indifference for hours until the chief agreed to surrender the wanted man.

In a matter-of-fact report to London he added, "I wish you would send me a good serviceable sword, with a strong belt of which I much felt the need in my late journey."

On another occasion, when a group of Indians seemed about to make trouble, Douglas ordered they be served biscuits and molasses. The Indians promptly forgot their grievances and Douglas murmured "Dear me! Dear me! There is nothing like a little molasses."

When in 1854 Britain intervened on Turkey's side in the Crimean War, Douglas worked out a defense scheme against possible Russian attack which included a recommendation that Esquimalt—Victoria's deep-sea port—be made a naval base. He and his council created the first Canadian navy. They agreed to charter the HBC ship Otter, armed with four brass cannon, muskets and hand grenades and manned with a force of thirty, to watch over the safety of the settlements. The irony of the situation was that, unknown to Douglas, the HBC and its Russian opposite, the Russian American Co., had come to an agreement in which both governments concurred, making

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the whole eastern Pacific a neutral zone. But Douglas got his own way in the end. He was asked to provide accommodation for possible wounded so he built a one-hundred-bed hospital at Esquimalt. The cost—nine hundred and thirty-eight pounds—was charged to the HBC. This meant that in the end the British government paid it since it had agreed to recompense the company for public expenditures when the charter expired. Only one man, sick with scurvy, used the hospital but

Esquimalt became a naval base.

In 1856 Douglas was dismayed to receive a sharp reminder from Britain that it was high time Vancouver Island had an elected assembly. The governor assured the secretary of state that though he did not "apprehend any restiveness on the part of the freeholders" he would not hesitate to prorogue the assembly and conduct the executive business of the colony himself if there were trouble. He was "utterly averse to universal suffrage or making population the basis of representation," but urged some liberalization of requirements which restricted the franchise to freeholders owning twenty or more acres of land.

The Highly Critical Lover

Vancouver Island's first election was carried out according to the instructions he had received. At the same time the council decided that "absentee proprietors shall be permitted to vote through their agents and attorneys," thus giving the HBC majority control should they see fit to exercise it. The governor of Vancouver Island was still the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Co.

But he was not long to continue unchallenged. Gold was discovered on the Fraser bars and with the gold seekers of 1858 came the man who was to prove the sharpest thorn in the benevolent autocrat's side: Amor de Cosmos, born in Nova Scotia plain Bill Smith.

He was a journalist who had had his name legally changed to the strange hybrid expression which he apparently believed to mean "lover of the universe." He began at once to criticize the governor in letters to the papers. Within six months he founded the British Colonist and immediately began to attack Douglas editorially: "The people of this colony . . . are tired of the mal-administration of public affairs. Their rulers have been the tools of a company of 'fur-peddlers' . . ."

De Cosmos' favorite target was Douglas' management of the mainland gold rush.

The governor of Vancouver Island

had no authority over the mainland; but most of the gold seekers were Americans and Douglas had a vivid recollection of how the early settlers in Oregon had formed a provisional government, and of the part it had played in setting the forty-ninth parallel instead of the Columbia River as the frontier. So he acted with decision and asked permission afterward. He quickly asserted the dominion of the crown over the mainland and its right to all precious metals. He set miners' license fees and imposed customs duties. He warned that traffic on the river

except by vessels licensed by the HBC was illegal and that all such vessels and their cargo would be seized.

De Cosmos headed the resultant chorus of protest. The colonial office, through Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, the novelist, who was then secretary of state for the colonies, "disapproved and disallowed" all the proclamations except those designed to protect the rights of the crown. "No regulations giving the slightest preference to the Hudson's Bay will in future be admissible," Sir Edward wrote.

Douglas' dual position was fast becoming untenable and De Cosmos continued to needle him. To balk him Douglas put in force an old English statute requiring the publisher of a newspaper to put up a bond of five hundred pounds against libel costs.

This was on a Saturday and one side of the day's paper had already been printed on the flat-bed press. When De Cosmos heard of the proclamation he sent the paper out with the back of the pages blank. It became a collectors' item. On Monday the bond was easily raised by public subscription. On Tuesday the Colonist was out as usual, complete with accounts of how the public had supported De Cosmos against the governor.

Years later Douglas had his revenge. In 1875 the government of British Columbia needed funds. The HBC refused its aid and De Cosmos, employed to raise the money, had to turn to the retired governor, now the wealthiest man in the province. Douglas advanced the thirty thousand dollars required. It must have given him great satisfaction.

In 1858 Douglas was offered the governorship of mainland British Columbia on condition that he sever all connection with the HBC. It must have been a wrench for the old fur trader but he accepted, though not without wringing from the government a salary of forty-eight hundred pounds instead of the thousand first offered.

Nov. 19, 1858, the day of his inauguration, was a typical fall day on the



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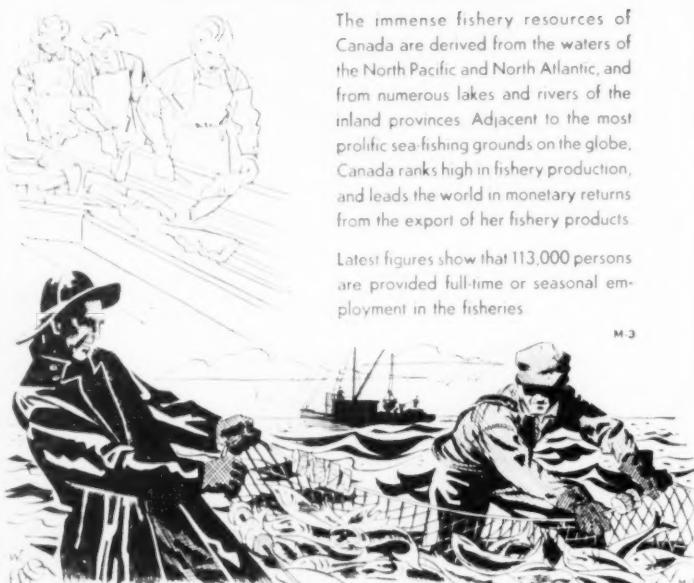
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Pacific coast: cold rain fell from a dark sky and a dismal wind sighed through the firs and cedars that surrounded Fort Langley on the Fraser where a crowd of bright-blanketed Indians and tobacco-chewing fur traders waited for a province to be born.

There is something Gilbertian about the affair as the Victoria Gazette describes it: "The little company of Royal Engineers hurrying ahead to form a guard of honor to receive the governor; Douglas and suite disembarking from the HBC ship Beaver and climbing the steep muddy banks of the Fraser to the wooden palisade of the fort; the eighteen-gun salute; the gold lace of the uniforms and the raw logs and planks of the messroom hurriedly emptied of its tables and benches to make room for a company of a hundred; Douglas first appointing Matthew Baillie Begbie chief justice, and Begbie then administering the oath to Douglas and proclaiming him governor. It was the birth of British Columbia and the death of all exclusive privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company."

By a supreme irony Douglas, the man who had most stoutly maintained its rights, read as his first official act the Queen's proclamation terminating the Pacific Coast rule of the master he had served so well. By 1863 the mulatto who had left home at sixteen was now His Excellency, Sir James Douglas, KCB.

He took great pride in the honors. In a postscript to a business letter, he says, "Letters to me should be addressed as follows: Sir James Douglas, KCB, Victoria, Vancouver Island." He always referred to his wife as Lady Douglas even in his private diary.

As governor of the new crown colony he was as high-minded and high-handed as ever.

G. M. Sproat, who knew him well, wrote, "The one-man rule, the 'I, James Douglas' proclamations lasted as long as he was in office . . . Absolute power is sweet, and grows sweeter to one who does not fear responsibility and is animated by a high sense of duty."

Now Sir James transferred all his loyalty to the colonies. Indeed his successor in the HBC complained bitterly that the governor "tried to saddle all the expenses on the company" and that he was unjust in his attitude to its interests. As early as 1862 Douglas was urging on the British government construction of an all-Canadian transcontinental road. It would possess, he said, "the peculiar advantage of being . . . remote from the U.S. frontier and traversing a country exclusively British, which from its position, character and general resources can hardly fail . . . to become the seat of a large population."

In 1864 Sir James retired from public life in a flurry of public dinners, presentations and addresses. Even the gaudy "Lover of the Universe" paid slightly backhanded tribute in the British Colonist: "We believe that nothing will be remembered of his administration that will tend to tarnish the name of Douglas."

Douglas had a quick and cruel sense of fun. All during his life as fur trader and later as administrator he made

frequent journeys which today would be described as epic. After long hours' travel on horseback or canoe he would camp on the trail with his men. One diminutive companion, James Murray Yale, was painfully conscious of his lack of inches and made every effort not to sit or stand near the tall Douglas. But Douglas, discovering this, made a habit of following the little man around. Even with his own children Douglas seemed unable to curb his ironic and wounding tendency. He wrote to his only son James, a schoolboy in England: "We are all curiosity to see the storybook you have just finished and the tragedy you have written. It will be so pleasant to have a distinguished writer in the family."

He was, however, intensely devoted to his family: his shy gentle wife Amelia, his five handsome daughters and delicate James, the apple of his eye, whose life he planned down to the last detail. He carried on a voluminous correspondence with those of his family who were away from Victoria. When the twin colonies—Island and mainland

were joined to form the present British Columbia, Sir James expressed himself freely to his daughter Jane: "It makes me savage even to think of the ruin and oppression this measure will lead to . . . Garroting is far too good for the stupid assembly that passed the fatal unconditional union resolution."

He Planted Black Princes

All through the letters shines his love for Amelia. As Sir James' importance grew she seems to have felt inadequate and took refuge in ailments that gave her an excellent excuse to avoid the social life of Victoria. Sir James loyally refused all but official invitations though he saw through her invalidism.

His garden and orchard were his great delight, often mentioned in his letters and journals. He notes the first blooming of the "ribes," or wild currant, the first green peas or asparagus of the season, and on July 17, 1850, writes, "First double rose on Vancouver Island." A penciled memo dated 1854 says, "Planted 18 Black Prince cherry stones." One of the trees that grew from those cherry pits still survives, a living memorial to Victoria's first amateur gardener.

James Douglas died as he must have wished suddenly, without any period of helplessness on Aug. 2, 1877. He was given a state funeral while all British Columbia mourned him, forgetting his faults and failings.

He was a statesman with a vision of the place and importance of the Pacific Coast far beyond his time. Though driven to seek power by some inner insecurity, he was idealistic and sincerely religious and exercised his authority in what he believed to be the best interests of those dependent upon him.

An autocrat by temperament and training, he could rule, but not reign. Yet and this too is a paradox—he could write to his son who had boasted of licking another boy: "Tyranny is hateful in every form: the strong should never oppress the weak." And to this precept James Douglas was always faithful, in his fashion. ★

Some Lines, Not So Affectionate, To a Ten-Year-Old Boy (with possibly a word of caution)

The condition in which you leave the bathtub
Inspires in me considerable wrath, bub.

—RAY ROMINE

That Beautiful Black-and-White Pinto

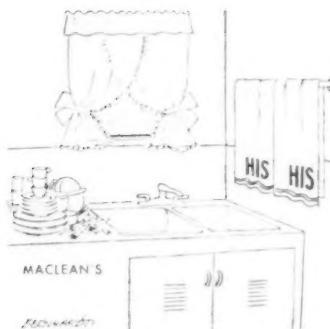
Continued from page 11

sleeping that night. I know I was awake long before the light showed through the chinks in the wall by my bed. I lay there watching the light grow for hours before I heard Gramma get up and start fixing things for breakfast. I crawled over to the edge of the loft and watched her until the time was right for me to go down.

That morning was the longest I ever knew. After breakfast Grandpa went out to see to the cattle and chickens, and then went clear through the fields looking at the wheat that was still low and green. Then we had dinner, and Grandpa just dallied around until nearly three o'clock. I couldn't eat, and I did all my chores backwards.

"You ready, Buddy?"

I was ready. I streaked out of the



house and started running. Grandpa called me back and made me walk with him. I felt as if we were crawling.

"Don't go rushin' up to th' horse you want like you was crazy," he told me. "Don't even act is if you're interested. Don't pick out the pony you want at first—pick three or four of 'em before you go to th' one you want."

I nodded and tried to describe my pony. "He's black an' white, his tail's blacker 'n Cappy's nose, an' it touches th' ground, an' his mane is white an' falls in his eyes, so he tosses his head around to get it out."

"Where'd you hide when you saw 'im?"

I hadn't told him about hiding. "In th' bushes, this side of th' creek."

Grandpa snorted. "I s'pose you figger they didn't know you was there."

I didn't say anything for the rest of the trip.

THET PLACE where the Indians had put up their camp was on the north side of the creek. All along the creek for a space of maybe fifty feet either side, cottonwoods and birches and different kinds of bushes grew in a series of groves that were thin in one place and thick in another. In one of the thin places the Blackfeet had put up their teepees and built their rope corral for some of the horses. Other horses they had turned loose to graze on the rangeland beyond—Grandpa's range. When we got to the camp one squaw was picking berries and another was kneeling on a flat stone by the creek washing some clothes. Neither of them looked at us as we crossed over the narrow plank bridge Grandpa had made a year ago.

When we went into the camp the children who had been playing near the fire pit in the middle of the clearing disappeared into teepees. Grandpa

walked up to a man who was sitting outside one teepee and asked for John Walking Eagle. The Indian got up and walked to the centre teepee. A moment later John Walking Eagle came out. Without speaking he and Grandpa shook hands and then we all went into the teepee and sat down on the ground.

Grandpa and John Walking Eagle talked for quite a while with silences between every few words. Then John Walking Eagle filled and lighted a stone pipe with a long stem and a small bowl. He pointed the stem upward, toward the sun, then down to the earth. After this he smoked it three long puffs before passing it to Grandpa who was sitting on his left. Grandpa smoked it and passed it back to the Indian. All this was done in a solemn and important silence.

I had been in Indian camps before, but I'd never been a guest in a lodge, and I'd never seen the smoking of the pipe. I was plenty surprised when John Walking Eagle passed the pipe to me. I took it and looked over at Grandpa, but he didn't make a move. I looked at the Indian, but his face was like a stone mask. So I put the stem in my mouth and sucked. The strong smoke came into my mouth and scorched its way down my throat. I thought I was going to choke and I handed the pipe back to our host, the smoke still hot in my chest. Then I let it out, slowly like Grandpa had done, and my eyes burned and watered, and my throat felt like it had been pared with a knife. I remember the struggle it was not to cough as the smoke came out of me. When the burning was gone and my eyes cleared I looked at Grandpa and John Walking Eagle. Grandpa was smiling, and the Indian was nodding as if he was pleased by something.

A little later Grandpa asked if John Walking Eagle had any horses he wanted to trade. We got up and went out to the corral. The children who had run away when we came now stood in clusters and watched us in the same unsmiling way the men watched. The women never looked at us at all, they just kept working.

I saw my pony, but I remembered what Grandpa said so I steered clear of the black-and-white pinto that stood so still in the middle of the milling horses. Grandpa told me to pick out a horse. I looked over a bay mustang until Grandpa suggested a flaw in him.

Next I went to a roan, studied it, and decided against it. Finally I pointed to my pony. One of the young Indians went into the corral and looped a rope over the pony's head and brought him out.

I turned to Grandpa to hear him tell me what a good pony I had picked, but he was standing with his mouth open.

"This one?" he asked in a funny voice.

I nodded. "Isn't he beautiful?"

BUDDY," Grandpa said. "Buddy, he's no good. He's a wreck."

I felt queer inside, like I was going to cry. I went over to my pony and touched him, and he didn't shy away like most Indian ponies would. He ducked his muzzle at me, and I knew this was the only pony I ever wanted to have.

"Plenty good pony," John Walking Eagle said.

Grandpa turned to him. "John, many years now I've known you. Many years we're brothers. You're an honest man." The way Grandpa said it, it sounded like he was reminding John Walking Eagle, instead of praising him.

"Good pony," the Indian said.



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(ADVERTISER)

"Plenty good pony. Not mean." Grandpa said, "Look at his leg," and I looked down and saw that the fetlock was swollen. "Look at his back," Grandpa said, and I saw for the first time that there was a sore as big as a plate just below the withers, and it was as red as raw beef, and running. And Grandpa said, "Look at his eyes." I saw that his eyes weren't bright, but kind of cloudy.

"Buddy," Grandpa said, gently, "that pony's no good, boy."

"Very good pony," John Walking Eagle insisted.

"You could make 'im all better," I said. "You made that cow all better last winter, an' she was worse 'n him." I put my arms around the pony's neck so no one would see that I'd started to cry.

I didn't listen while Grandpa tried to argue with me and with John Walking Eagle. The first words I really heard were, "Two dollars." It was Grandpa.

That's when the bartering started. Two dollars was not enough. John Walking Eagle wanted a steer besides. Grandpa said two dollars and a gun. Two dollars and a gun would not be enough. John Walking Eagle would take two dollars and a gun and a dog. When I heard that I took my face away from the pony's neck and looked at Grandpa. I thought then that he was sort of like the Indians. He didn't show any sign of being angry, or troubled, or sad.

"Bring the pony to me tomorrow," Grandpa said. "C'mon, Buddy."

We went home and it was nearly dark when we got there. Grandpa didn't say anything to Gramma or me all through dinner. He didn't even play with Cappy, though he looked at him a lot. After the dishes were done and the night chores, I was sent to bed. Maybe they figured I would sleep, but I couldn't. I just cried, because I didn't feel happy about my pony any more, not when it made Grandpa sad.

I don't know how long it was before Grandpa and Gramma started talking, but I listened, holding my breath tight inside me.

"They didn't say which dog," Gramma said.

"They didn't have to."

"What're you goin' to do?" Grandpa didn't answer that one. The lamps were turned off and I heard Grandpa's boots bang on the floor when he took them off.

I guess I got a big start in growing up, the next day. John Walking Eagle and three other Indians—one old and two young ones—came to the house just before noon. They had the pony with them, and I saw now that he was a sorry pony with all his sores and his cloudy eyes, instead of the beautiful pony I had once believed him to be.

I went outside first. I just stood and looked and the Indians stood and looked. Then Grandpa came out. He had an old flintlock under one arm,

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and two silver dollars in his other hand, and Chloe was at his heels, trotting stiffly and unevenly. I thought I understood. Grandpa was going to try to make John Walking Eagle take old Chloe.

Grandpa gave the gun and the money to John Walking Eagle. Then everyone just stood there. Grandpa and the Indian faced each other and no one spoke. The pony was switching his tail back and forth, and right then, I hated that pony.

"Cappy!" Grandpa called. "Come, Cappy!"

The puppy came scooting around the corner of the house. Grandpa took a piece of cord from his pocket. He tied one end around Cappy's neck, the other end he handed silently to John Walking Eagle.

I don't remember what I said, if anything, but I ran up and grabbed the string from the Indian. "I don't want th' pony," I yelled. "It's an ugly no good smelly pony an' I don't want 'im!"

"Go in th' house, Buddy," Grandpa said.

I WENT inside and up into the loft. I lay down on my bed and put the pillow over my head so I wouldn't hear anything, but when Grandpa finally came in, it was a lot later. I heard him, and I heard the old bitch whimpering for her puppy.

They called me for supper, but I didn't go down. I didn't answer even when Gramma got mad and yelled at me. I just stayed there with my head under the pillow, moving once in a while for a breath of fresh air. It was dark when Grandpa came up the ladder and sat down beside me. He pulled the pillow aside and told me quietly but firmly to sit up.

"You've smoked a pipe and you own a horse, Buddy. You're too big to lie up here like a little boy."

"I'm going to take that dirty old horse back. He smells an' he's ugly an' he's no good."

Grandpa just said, "Your horse is out in the barn. Someone ought to go out an' see if he's all right."

"I'd rather have Cappy back."

But Grandpa made me get up and take the lantern and go out by myself to the barn.

My pony stood in the stall, half asleep. His back had been smeared with some kind of ointment, and his ankle was all wrapped up in white cloths. I went into the stall and put my hand on his nank. He side-stepped and turned his head to look at me through his cloudy eyes. I went up to his head, and he nuzzled me. I just leaned against him, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, whether to love him or hate him.

When Grandpa's voice came from the door of the stall, I jumped. "It's not gon' to be so tough fixin' 'im up," he said. "We'll keep 'im in th' barn until his eyes get better, so he won't get too much fight. An' those sores'll be gone in no time." Grandpa came inside and put his hand on my shoulder. "You've got good horse sense, Buddy. You picked a good pony."

"But Cappy . . ."

"You can't tell," Grandpa said. "Maybe old Chloe'll have some more pups soon."

But she didn't, of course, and I know now he never expected her to. She died that winter, about the same time that the pony was well enough for me to start riding him. Grandpa got a dog later on, but he never bothered much with him. He never tried to train him for hunting.

As for the pinto, it was the best pony a boy ever had. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

rationalization of military contribution to the common cause which will make the maximum use of the tremendous industrial potential on this continent and at the same time make effective use of the vast pool of available manpower in Europe." He apparently agreed with his colleague General George Pearkes, VC, that Canadian infantry should not have been sent to Europe.

Coldwell said, "We think the policies of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization have fallen too completely under the military, to the exclusion of social and economic considerations." Drew said, "If the added commitments undertaken at NATO are approved, and we consider those expenses on top of what is already being spent for national defense, we must ask ourselves what would happen to our economy if we became involved in any more extended commitments."

However blandly they might reply in public, Government spokesmen admitted privately that the Opposition might well be taking the more popular line. Many a Liberal MP held the same views in his heart; even cabinet ministers, some of them, share the instinctive emotional distrust that Coldwell and Drew were expressing. Indeed, if the secret records of NATO's own discussions were made public it might well be possible to find quotations from Brooke Claxton and Douglas Abbott which would be strikingly similar in their effect.

Nevertheless, the Government and its officials are somewhat perturbed by these attacks on the Lisbon decisions. They regard the Lisbon meeting as a great success in fact an unexpected success, for they had gone there with the gloomiest forebodings. The new realism, the new co-operation, the new unanimity of aim at the Lisbon session was a surprise and an inspiration to them all. They say the Lisbon schedule represents no great increase over previous estimates—it's a redistribution of burdens rather than an augmentation of totals. NATO's schedule of requirements is still an international judgment (unanimous, this time) of the minimum we need to deter or to meet a Soviet attack.

Discontent is now rising against the burdens of rearmament, they think, because the fear of a Soviet attack has diminished. Their own fear has diminished too; they agree with their critics that the risk is not as great as it was a year ago. But, they argue, the risk has decreased just because NATO has been doing so well.

As NATO does better the risk and the tension may be expected to decrease still further. The nearer we get to the minimum required the more people will argue that we don't need even that minimum—and, of course, they may be right.

Meanwhile we have to go on the best appraisals that Western commanders, with access to secret Western intelligence of Soviet strength, can agree upon among themselves. For the moment, these are contained in the decisions of Lisbon.

One Monday morning last month there was an odd and rather moving little ceremony on the slope of Parliament Hill below the East Block. W. B. Melneczuk of Nelson, B.C., laid a wreath on the monument of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

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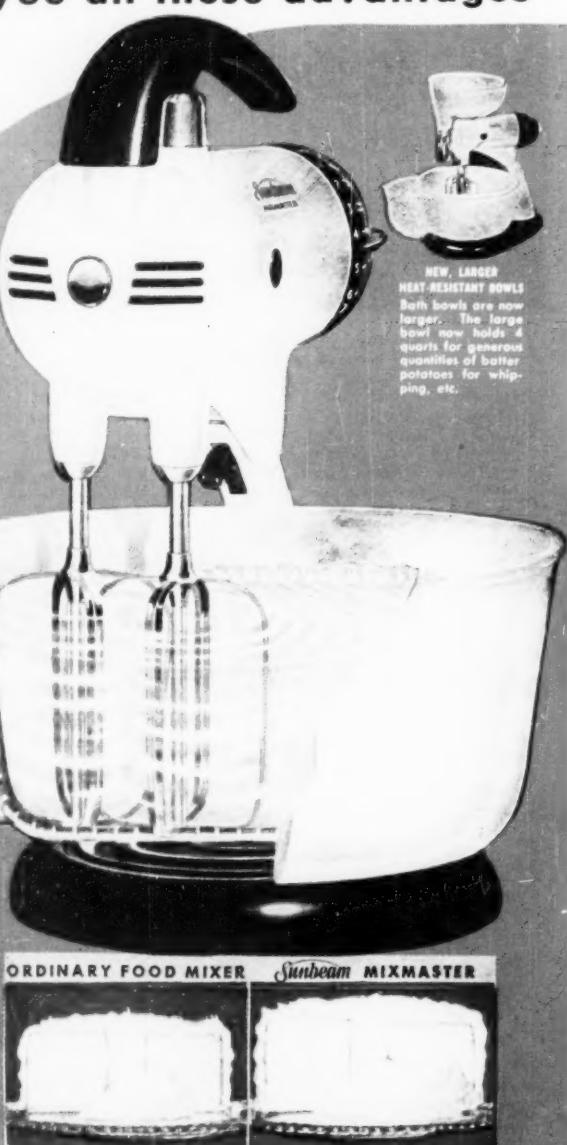
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himself a retired CPR section foreman, small and spare of build. He came to Canada in 1902, but he still speaks English with a strong Ukrainian accent. He isn't a Liberal, either. At the moment he is a CCF voter because he likes H. W. Herridge, the somewhat unorthodox CCF'er who is Nelson's MP, but Melneczuk isn't a member of any political party. His admiration for Sir Wilfrid, as for Herridge, is purely personal.

It began during World War I when Sir Wilfrid was Leader of the Opposition. Melneczuk is a Ukrainian, but his birthplace was Austrian territory before 1918. When he took his wife and children home to see his parents in 1908, though he was already a Canadian citizen by Canadian law, he was seized and drafted into the Austrian Army; it was six months before he managed to escape and make his way back to Canada on a forged passport.

So, when the war came, Melneczuk fell under suspicion—a former Austrian subject, a man who had served in the Austrian army, and who moreover had been so indiscreet as to say he thought it was mistake to hang the Irish rebel Roger Casement. Melneczuk wasn't interned (partly, he thinks, because he had a family to support) but he was disfranchised in the 1917 election and he suffered, all through the war, from suspicion and ostracism as a "foreigner."

In that time of trouble it seemed to Melneczuk that Sir Wilfrid Laurier stood and spoke for all the minorities in Canada, for all the Canadians who didn't agree with the majority for one reason or other. After all he'd been through—especially after he'd risked a long term in prison by fleeing Austria on a false passport, just to get back to the adopted country he loved—Melneczuk burned with resentment at being treated as a suspect, as one whose loyalty was doubtful. Sir Wilfrid, he felt, would understand.

This year is his golden jubilee in Canada, the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival from the Austrian Ukraine. He thought a good way to celebrate it would be to come to Ottawa and hang a wreath on Sir Wilfrid's statue.

* * *

Hon. Charles G. Power, the dean of the House of Commons, says the 1952 epidemic is not the first crisis we've had over foot-and-mouth disease in Canada. Everyone else seems to have forgotten it, but he remembers the first one:

Sir Lomer Gouin, retired premier of Quebec, had been honored by the gift of a beautiful Limoges vase from the government of France. It came over by ship, carefully packed in straw. France is a country where foot-and-mouth disease is endemic. Straw is one of the many things capable of carrying the virus. Normally, of course, the ban is merely against straw used for cattle bedding or fodder.

But to Hon. W. R. Motherwell, then minister of agriculture, straw was straw. Sir Lomer's susceptibilities meant nothing to him and the susceptibilities of the French government meant even less. Quebec Liberals stormed and pleaded, Sir Lomer was

furious, the French government was offended, Canadian customs authorities were embarrassed. Only Mr. Motherwell was unmoved. Straw was straw. If the Limoges vase was packed in straw (and it was) it would have to go back to France.

It went back.

Progressive Conservatives didn't advertise the fact, but one reason why they let the debate on the Address fold up so quickly was their fear that somebody would raise the issue of a Canadian governor-general. (Solon Low did raise it, but apparently not enough people listen to Social Credit speeches.) Conservative strategists were terrified lest some of their back-benchers might be provoked into strong language on the subject, and that the Government might thereupon seize this issue as the excuse for an election.

On the other hand, the Liberals themselves seem to be a little uneasy about the whole subject of "Dominion status."

Bona Arsenault, MP for Bonaventure, had a private bill on the order paper to change "Dominion Day" to "Confederation Day." At one of the early PC caucuses of this session George Drew offered to bet dollars to doughnuts that the Arsenault bill would be dropped in a very short time. He was right: Arsenault withdrew the bill next day and Prime Minister St. Laurent made a point of congratulating him for it. This is taken as evidence that the Liberals now think their campaign against the word "Dominion" has gone far enough.

For understandable reasons the Government has not been able to put the real case for eliminating the unnecessary use of this somewhat ambiguous word. The Prime Minister has spoken vaguely of "some Canadians" who have the erroneous impression that it connotes a subordination, a lack of equality within the Commonwealth. In his position he could hardly speak any more bluntly than that.

A private citizen, though, could put it this way:

Canada has now achieved a unity in foreign policy, a unity in the face of international crisis, that we have never had before. Last year it proved to be possible, for the first time, to speak calmly of the possibility of military conscription, to predict that we'd have it if war should come again, and yet to provoke no storm of protest in Quebec.

One reason, perhaps the major reason, for this new unity is that French-Canadians are beginning to believe that English-Canadians too are loyal primarily to Canada. They are beginning for the first time to believe that if English-Canadians advocate going to war, or taking a risk in some far country, it is because they think the action is in Canada's interest, not just in Britain's.

But although some are beginning to believe it, many French-Canadians don't believe it yet. Many still think that Canada, with the full consent of its own English-speaking citizens, is a mere appendage of Britain. And these people tend to find their prejudice confirmed whenever they see or hear that word "dominion."

Canadian unity, therefore, tends to be damaged whenever the word is used in French. Unfortunately Canadian unity has been damaged on the English-speaking side by the overt attempts to restrict the use of "dominion."

Some people quite sincerely regard them as an attack on the crown and the Commonwealth.

In fact, of course, both inferences are about equally wrong. However, they provide an excellent reason for letting the whole matter drop for a while. ★

MACLEAN'S

HIDE-AND-SEEK No. 9

These faces once smiled from the billboards of the biggest movie houses of the world. But only the rabid fans of yesteryear and keen students of motion-picture history can probably correctly identify all ten in this international picture gallery of gone-by greats.

(Answers on page 53)



1. They called her Susie in her biggest screen hit.



2. London loved him and his pretty American wife.



3. The columnists wrote about him and La Garbo.



4. She played Anna Held in a lavish musical hit.



5. Her singing ex-husband made a rousing comeback.



6. Recall the Green Goddess? Then you know him.



7. He sang Desert Song in an early film musical.



8. She gave the Twenties a two-letter word for sex.



9. Tough soldiers fought over her in a famous film.



10. He was in the money in the biggest chariot race.

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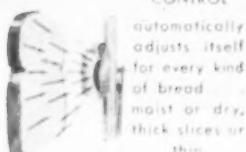
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I Was a Prisoner of the Chinese Reds

Continued from page 15

thing. The doctor was secretly destroying a "reactionary" book.

The Communists suspect "imperialist trickery" in everything the foreigner in China does. While I was a prisoner my Red questioners produced the minutes of the Rotary club of which I was president in the pre-Communist Chungking. They had searched the minutes care-

fully for evidence of "imperialist plots." One minor point had them highly disturbed. The U.S. vice-consul at Chungking, one of our Rotarians, in a brief farewell talk to a Rotary meeting had casually remarked that the Communists were only sixty miles away and it was no longer safe for him to remain. The position of the Red army was known to every coolie, yet the Communists pounced on this item as irrefutable proof that the club was a group of imperialist spies. The only explanation they would accept was that the vice-consul had official information on Red

troop movements and that Rotary was his medium for passing it on to Chungking's defenders.

Distrust and suspicion are so rampant that no one is allowed to spend a night away from home without explaining his reason for doing so and obtaining a permit.

In Sept. 1950 Dr. Ashley Lindsay and his wife were closing up their home in Chengtu, preparing to leave China. Lindsay had been vice-chancellor of the West China Union University. He and Mrs. Lindsay are now in Toronto. After storing their furniture in the attic

they told a Chinese helper they would go next door and sleep in the home of a fellow Canadian missionary. "We'll have to sleep there several nights," Lindsay said. "I'm too tired to take the application and get a permit from the government tonight. I'll do it in the morning." Their Chinese houseboy overheard the decision. "No, no, please report," he begged. "If you don't I'll have to report you in the morning. If I don't report it, someone spying on me will report me and we'll all be in terrible trouble."

The Communist conquest of China which I witnessed, before I was imprisoned and cut off from all news, was accomplished with little of the civil bloodshed and political arrests which usually feature Red seizures of power. But during the year I was imprisoned the Communists began a reign of terror and violence. Political enemies of the new regime—proven, potential, or merely suspected—are disappearing by thousands.

In Shanghai between April 30 and Sept. 30, 1951, there were 1,742 executions of "counterrevolutionaries," according to an official Red announcement. Firing squads mowed them down sometimes two and three hundred at a time. In a single night near the end of April 1951 more than three thousand persons were arrested in Shanghai. According to figures published by the deputy governor of the province of Canton 28,322 "counterrevolutionaries" were executed there between Oct. 1950 and Aug. 1951. The China Missionary Bulletin, a monthly review published in Hong Kong by the Roman Catholic missions estimates executions in China already amount to "several hundreds of thousands."

Several of my Chinese friends have been killed for political reasons. All were members of the Christian Church in China and, for many of them, their "political crimes" were nothing more than wild suspicions which grew out of the fact that they had worked in close collaboration with Canadian and U.S. missionaries. All Chinese who were associated with Westerners through business or the church are suspected of being "imperialist collaborators" today. If a Chinese citizen receives a letter from a relative or friend in Britain, the U.S. or Canada, he becomes a marked man, likely to be arrested on the first flimsy pretext that arises. Missionaries who have left China have been warned not to write letters or attempt to maintain contacts with friends they left in China.

Hung By Hands and Feet

Before being deported I was given no opportunity to seek out my friends and say farewells, so I have no details of the fate of most of them. I have learned details of only one case, told me by a missionary who is now in Canada. I cannot identify him because this would jeopardize three Chungking business men who pledged their businesses as guarantees of his "good behavior." So good is the Chinese information service that a summary of this article will probably reach Communists in Chungking forty-eight hours after this magazine goes on sale.

The friend was a feeble, elderly Christian named Hsu Hai-chin. Hsu was sixty-five, which is old age in China. He was so weak that it used to take him ten minutes to totter up the fifty-odd steps which led up a hill to our house. Hsu had worked as a laborer for Western families in Chungking for twenty-five years. Because of this long-standing foreign connection the Communists decided he must be wealthy and that he possessed a hidden supply of firearms. I believe someone

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who disliked Hsu deliberately fabricated the rumor to get old Hsu in trouble, for many old Chinese family grudges are being settled in this manner today. He was obviously poor, his home little more than a hut, and he would hardly have known one end of a rifle from the other, but the Communists are capable of believing anything of a man who has had connections with foreigners. They arrested and grilled him for days about where his "money" and "guns" were hidden. Finally they hung him up by his hands and feet and questioned him again for hours. Eventually they decided he must be telling the truth and let him go home. But the shock of the ordeal killed him. He died two days later.

Before the Communists came I had had no serious complaints from my hospital staff for years. On Dec. 2, 1949, the day after the Communist arrival, trouble began. It became apparent then that there had been a number of Communists on the staff, unknown to us, and they immediately started stirring up discontent to let us know that they, as Communists, had some authority now. One Chinese doctor, Tien Bao-liang, who had worked very closely with me as a surgeon in the operating room, turned out to be an enthusiastic Red. But the most vociferous and troublesome group was a number of young Communists among the laborers on the maintenance staff and among the student nurses.

They resented the fact that they were working for a foreign institution. An attempt was launched to discredit foreigners on the staff, particularly me as superintendent. There were repeated criticisms of the food and they tried to show that I was giving foreign patients preferential treatment. One attempt to take over the hospital and put a Chinese superintendent in my place was officially blocked by the local Red government of Chungking, because the government had too many problems and didn't want the hospital on its hands at that time.

I tried to deal fairly with every complaint. Whenever necessary I yielded the benefit of the doubt to my opponents. By the following autumn I was beginning to gain the confidence and co-operation of the hospital's labor union and the Students' Communist Youth Corps and I was beginning to hope that I might be able to work permanently under the Red regime. My wife and two daughters Phyllis and Marion had returned to Canada that summer not because we feared more trouble with the Communists, but because of difficulties arising in the children's education.

In November, however, all the old complaints and grudges I had so painstakingly settled began cropping up again. I found later what was taking place. Red government officials had been intercepting and copying some of my mail without my knowledge and in one letter they thought they had evidence that I was a spy and underground worker. This letter comes into the story again later.

A lesser Communist official was sent to the hospital with a serious abscess of the liver. He was a very sick man so

they sent along a special attendant to help care for him. This is a common practice among well-to-do hospital patients in China. The attendant lived at the hospital for six weeks. We have since learned he was a member of the Red police.

Events played into his hands. In Dec. 1950 Warren Austin, chief U.S. delegate to the UN, made a speech outlining U.S. contributions to the development of China. It created a storm of protest in China, for the Reds interpreted it as proof that China was being "deliberately Americanized" for im-

perialistic purposes." Protest meetings denouncing Austin, the U.S. and foreign "imperialists" generally were being held throughout China.

Late on the afternoon of Dec. 29 I was invited to attend an anti-Austin meeting that evening in the nursing school auditorium. It was a veiled order, for at eight o'clock two members of the hospital's Communist labor union came to escort me to the meeting. Another Canadian mission worker and hospital employee, Miss Constance Ward, now in Vancouver, was escorted with me. Everyone must turn up for

meetings of this type in Red China, because to stay away is to invite the charge of being an enemy sympathizer.

When we arrived the auditorium and corridor outside were packed with about three hundred hospital employees, their families and friends. The auditorium consisted of two classrooms opened into one by pushing back sliding doors. Desks had been replaced with chairs and benches to accommodate a crowd. Even the windows had been opened so that a group of people could see from the veranda outside. At the front was a teacher's desk on a small

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only a fresh cigarette
can be truly mild!

Answers to

MACLEAN'S HIDE-AND-SEEK

(See page 51)

1. Renate Mueller; 2. Ben Lyon; 3. John Gilbert; 4. Luise Rainer; 5. Ruby Keeler; 6. George Arliss; 7. John Boles; 8. Clara Bow; 9. Delores Del Rio; 10. Ramon Navarro.



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Hon. L. P. Cecile, Q.C., Minister, Department of Travel & Publicity for Ontario

platform. Behind it a large picture of Mao Tse-tung dominated the whole room.

The crowd made way as we were led up to a front row of seats reserved for us and some of the hospital's Communist ringleaders.

About fifteen minutes later Miss Fan Sheo-yin, dean of the nursing school, stepped to the platform and raised her hand for order. Miss Fan was a fiery little woman in her late twenties. She was small, even for a Chinese, weighing probably less than ninety pounds, and we had had trouble finding nursing uniforms small enough for her. She was a clever ambitious opportunist and had been an outspoken Communist since the beginning. I had suspected all along that she had adopted Communism as a means of promoting her own position rather than because she had any real interest in politics.

"The meeting will begin," she said in rapid Chinese. "Many of you haven't been told, but the meeting has been called as an accusation meeting against Dr. Allen."

It had been announced as an anti-Austin meeting. I had expected trouble but had never suspected that events had reached this extreme. Only a few of the Communist ringleaders had known that the meeting was actually to be a denunciation of me.

Miss Fan Fanned the Flames

The accusation meeting has become a popular and widespread innovation in Red China. Workers are urged to gather and air their criticisms against landlords, businessmen, foreigners or anyone whom they think has mistreated them or whom they suspect of being unfriendly towards the new Chinese regime. Chinese workers have never dared to criticize in the past and this sudden new freedom is being widely and excitedly used. Many of the grievances are imagined, but since the meetings are officially encouraged the Communist authorities have to cater to the mass hysteria that the meetings generate and arrest the victim if the crowd demands it.

As the tiny Miss Fan stood on the platform a few feet ahead of me I recalled another occasion when she had been the accused and I had been her defender. Some months before the Communist turnover occurred in Chungking the student nurses had held a protest meeting in which they accused Miss Fan of taking bribes in return for the granting of diplomas to nursing students who had failed. I thought then the accusations were false, although later it became apparent they were true. I calmed the students and Miss Fan retained her position only because of my defense of her. Now the same Miss Fan, in a high emotional voice, was saying: "We all know Dr. Allen is a spy and an imperialist! This is your chance to accuse him."

Miss Fan, who acted as chairman throughout the meeting, called first on several accusers who had obviously been carefully coached in advance. One of the first was Fung Cheo-wen, a young laborer and errand boy from the dispensary, a big bullying type with a coarse voice who had been a constant complainer. *Fung* means wind, and we had nicknamed him "the Big Wind." Shouting excitedly he accused me of oppression and hiding reactionaries. His whole accusation was based on one trivial and exaggerated incident. Payment of the staff on one occasion had been held up a few hours because I was away from the hospital. The accountant had come over to our home to ask my wife when I would return because a few members of the laboring

staff, led by Fung, were demanding their pay. Mrs. Allen invited the accountant inside to wait for me. A few minutes later Fung came over and abusively accused her of hiding the accountant. "I'm not hiding him," she told Fung. "He's sitting right here on the chesterfield. Come in and talk to him." But Fung had ranting on about hiding reactionaries and refused to enter "the home of a capitalistic imperialist."

Following Fung, a student nurse came to the platform. She was one of several who were too poor to pay their own way and were receiving nursing training at the hospital's expense. When my wife had left China she left behind some of her old clothing for use as cleaning rags. Miss Ward, my fellow Canadian hospital worker, thought some of it was too good for rags and passed some articles on to the poorer students.

This particular student nurse came to the platform holding up a brassiere and some other underclothing. "Look at this!" she cried. "Mrs. Allen used to dress up like a queen, but this is the sort of rags she expected us to wear." And she flung the clothing at me as she spoke.

The first accusations were trivial things like this, designed to stir up resentment and excitement. Most of the audience had been supporters of mine up until this time, but the Chinese are emotional and easily led; excitement spread like a fever and in a short time even many former friends were accusing me. Soon the meeting was a nightmare of shouting.

Four Hours on My Knees

Ten minutes after the meeting began someone behind me shouted: "Make him kneel at the front!" The audience took up the chant: "Make him kneel, Make him kneel." I walked voluntarily to the platform and Miss Fan told me to kneel facing the portrait of Mao Tse-tung, my back to the audience.

For four hours I was kept motionless on my knees through a continuous succession of shouted accusations and taunts. Later Miss Ward was forced to kneel beside me. We weren't permitted to speak or move. Many of the accusers ran to the platform and delivered their evidence in a screaming frenzy. The accusations were interspersed with the shouting of slogans by the audience, which was divided into three sections, each section led by a cheerleader like rooters at a football game. Someone would say: "Dr. Allen is an imperialist spy." Then the cheerleaders would take up the cry and have the audience repeat it over and over, each section in turn, and each section trying to shout louder than the others.

The victims at accusation meetings are frequently slapped and bullied, occasionally forced out onto the street where some have been dragged or beaten to death. I was touched physically only once when Miss Fan thought my head wasn't bowed low enough and stepped over and pushed my chin against my chest. But, psychologically, it was the worst ordeal I have ever experienced. Between 1938 and 1941 I lived through scores of Japanese bombing raids at Chungking, but the shouting and frenzy of this meeting were more nerve-shattering than any half-dozen bombings I experienced.

All of the accusations were pathetic examples of the wild and childish suspicions so rampant in China today. I was accused of being a spy, or being a friend of Chiang Kai-shek, of working for American imperialists against China, of mistreating and even mur-

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dering Chinese patients and of oppression of the people generally. The evidence advanced as proof of these charges was so flimsy and imaginative that it is difficult to understand how it could have had a vestige of meaning to any rational adult.

For example, to prove that I was a spy they cited two pieces of evidence. Our hospital and my residence were a mile or so outside the city of Chungking proper, but we had a clinic in the centre of the city. I spent every Thursday morning at the clinic, left at noon and spent the rest of the day in the city making business calls. I always strove to keep business appointments in the city restricted to Thursday afternoons. It was always six or seven o'clock on Thursday evening before I got back home. Many persons at the accusation meeting referred to this Thursday activity. "We know Dr. Allen spends Thursday mornings at the clinic," they said, "but he never returns home until evening. Where does he spend the rest of the day?" He just disappears. He must spend it meeting and collaborating with other spies and reactionaries."

The Devil in the Hospital

Their other evidence was equally fantastic. On one occasion I arranged to have a Swedish woman missionary admitted to the hospital late at night for a gastric examination. She had come from just outside Chungking and since she wasn't an emergency case I had entertained her at my home for the evening before taking her across to the hospital. The Chinese are suspicious of any night meetings. "If this woman had to enter the hospital," they asked, "why did Dr. Allen have her in his home for several hours first? Why did she arrive after dark? She was a spy! Dr. Allen is a spy!"

To indicate that I was a friend of Chiang Kai-shek they produced a record showing I had telephoned Chiang's home in 1939, eleven years before. Actually, I didn't make the call but I authorized it. We were planning a funeral for a Chinese Christian and we had to pass over a corner of Chiang's extensive property to reach a cemetery. The call was to seek permission to pass his guards.

All of these incidents were described amid thunderous shouts from the audience. I was given no opportunity to explain the real circumstances.

I was accused of maiming and attempting the murder of Communist officials. We had a daily average of about thirty Red patients at the hospital all the time and among those there were three who developed post-operative complications—an average to be expected in any hospital. It was charged repeatedly at the accusation meeting that I had deliberately performed faulty operations in these three cases in an effort to maim or kill.

After four hours of this, with my legs cramped painfully in kneeling position, Miss Fan cried: "Now we've found who the devil in the hospital is! What shall we do with him?" The crowd shouted: "Arrest him!"

I was held under guard at the hospital for two days then a warrant was drawn up by the foreign affairs bureau (because I was a foreigner) and my arrest was official. I was turned over to the political section of the public safety department.

That first evening I was taken before the Chungking political court for questioning. It was a small bare room containing only one long table and several chairs. The director of the political section was sitting at the head of the table and there were six other officials seated along the table, three



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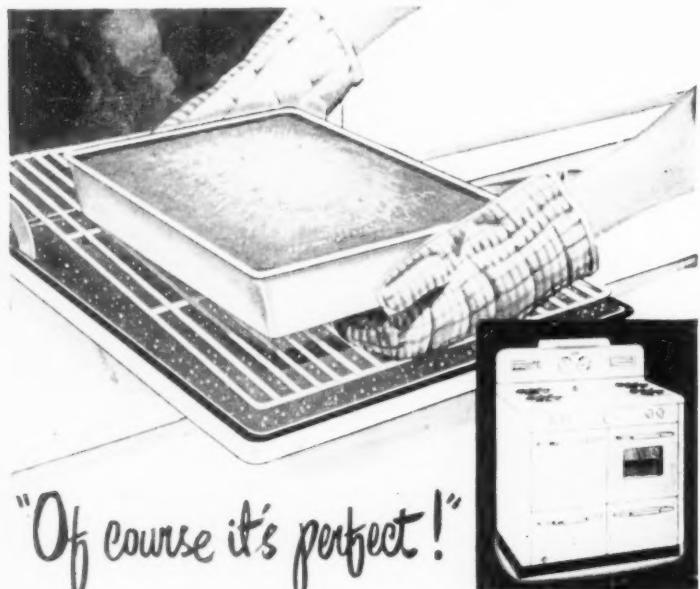
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on a side, in front of him. All wore the typical Communist uniform of padded and quilted cotton khaki with plain, unpolished buttons and no insignia distinguishing officers from men. The questioning took the line: "We know you're a spy and underground worker, so why don't you confess and get it over with?" When my replies didn't follow their suggestions the director finally declared: "You have a deep-seated reactionary attitude. You'd better go back to your cell and think things out a little more clearly."

This was my only appearance before a formal court until my trial eight months later, but on an average of twice a week I was taken to an office and questioned by a single investigator,

No Razor and no Knife

About a month after my arrest one questioner suddenly produced a copy of a letter which Red censors had intercepted six months before. At that time we were arranging to have a new X-ray therapy machine set up at the hospital and there was an exchange of letters regarding this work between me and a Canadian X-ray technician in neighboring Chengtu. Officials at the Red government arsenal producing ammunition had asked me to have the expert check the X-ray in the arsenal hospital while he was in Chungking. The X-ray technician in one letter stated: "Please let me know what has to be done and what is the financial setup respecting the arsenal." Communists grilled me repeatedly about this statement. They could have checked the whole story by merely asking their own arsenal officials about it, but they laughed and insisted this wasn't necessary.

The building in which I was held for the first eight months was the Chungking headquarters of the Communist political section, and not a jail. It was a four-story brick structure, originally built as a luxurious home for a Nationalist government official. My room was eleven feet square, furnished with a bed in bamboo frame resting on trestles, a small stool and a table which did duty as a desk and washstand. I had to bring my own bedding. I was not allowed to have a razor or knife. One night the bed broke and I salvaged a small piece of wire which I used for a few days digging bedbugs out of cracks in the wall, but they discovered this and even took the wire away from me. I was allowed to shave once a month. There was one small electric light which I was forced to leave on all night so that the guard could watch me through a slit in the door. I had no haircut from December to May, then I was given one about once a month. I was allowed no visitors or newspapers and could neither send nor receive mail. It was several months before my wife and family in Canada learned what had happened to me.

After breakfast each morning I was permitted fifteen minutes of exercise in an outdoor courtyard, during which I had to fill my basin with water for washing myself, clothes and room floor, visit an outdoor latrine, and clean the cuspidor which served as a urinal.

For the first three months I was always hungry. As a foreigner I was granted one special concession, a "western" breakfast of two slices of dry bread and a small glass of milk. The other two meals consisted of two or three small bowls of rice per meal with a small serving of a Chinese mixture of vegetables, meat and egg. After three months the Red authorities discovered that guards were buying extra food for foreign prisoners and to stamp this out they increased our rations.

On Aug. 27, 1951, after eight months' imprisonment, I was moved to the Chungking jail for my trial. I was in a cell with many other prisoners and immediately after breakfast next morning about 9 a.m., a guard came to the corridor outside and in Chinese read off the numbers of three prisoners who were to be escorted elsewhere. I heard one number and recognized it as my own. The three of us were directed outside, down a street about a hundred yards, then into another entrance of the same building. One guard walked behind us with a drawn revolver.

Another guard led me into a courtroom. It was a simple room, about twenty feet square, with plaster walls that had once been white but were now a dusty grey, and a rough board floor without rugs. There was a big plain desk on a small dais at one end and several chairs and benches in front of it.

Behind the desk, side by side, sat the judge and a male secretary. They, the guard and I were the only persons in the room. The judge and his secretary were both dressed in the grey-blue cotton uniforms which all Communist civil servants wear. I didn't know which one was the judge until he started questioning me. Like most Communist officials the judge was very young; he didn't appear to be more than twenty-five. My guard sat down without ceremony on a chair by the door. I was required to remain standing during the three hours of the trial.

Are Apple-Pickers Decadent?

I must have looked like a hobo for I hadn't shaved in three weeks or had a haircut in five. I was dressed in shorts and an open-neck shirt which I had worn constantly for almost four months of summer weather.

The trial was actually just another session of rigorous questioning. The Communists had abandoned hope of getting me to confess to their original charges and were back now to charges involving my distribution of medical relief supplies and tax payments on those supplies an old investigation which I thought had been shelved before I was even arrested.

As chairman of an international relief committee I had been responsible for the distribution of medical supplies sent to the Chungking area by relief agencies in Canada, the U.S. and Britain. When the Communists "liberated" Chungking in Dec. 1949 I had one hundred and seventy cases of these supplies, designated for various mission hospitals, including my own. After trying for months to obtain instructions from the Communists regarding the disposition of the supplies we were led to believe they could be distributed as originally planned. I notified the Communists by letter of what we were doing and proceeded to distribute the supplies. Three months later Communist officials in Chungking began asking about the supplies as though they had just learned of them. They professed surprise and indignation when told they had been distributed to the hospitals for which they were originally designated. The outcome was that I was charged with forcibly seizing government property and with carrying out a secret decision to distribute the loot.

The second charge read against me at the trial concerned a confusing series of calculations on tax payments. The crux of it was that taxes due the Communists from our hospital were underpaid to the extent of eighty-nine cents. I confessed to this charge. Now there came up what was probably the strangest episode of my whole experience in Red China, an incident that illustrated once more the

(Advertisement)

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"No laundering worries for me this time. Look, just one shirt . . . the one I'm wearing."

His room-mate at the big convention smiled. "Tell me how you're going to get by for a whole week with only one shirt . . . and a white one at that!"

"Simple! This shirt is different. It's a B.V.D. Nylon Tricot. I just dunk it in lukewarm suds at night, put it on a hanger, and it's absolutely dry in the morning. The collar and cuffs are fused . . . never have to be ironed . . . always look perfectly smooth and neat. Are you sold?"

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"Twelve ninety-five. Sure, I know it's more than you'd pay for an ordinary shirt. But look at it this way. You save such a lot on laundry bills that a B.V.D. Nylon Tricot pays for itself in about thirteen weeks. And remember it will outwear one of your old-style shirts several times over."

Conversations like the above are common today, for the B.V.D. Nylon Tricot is probably the biggest improvement in men's shirts since the celluloid collar went out. It cuts down laundry bills, does away with tedious shirt-ironing for the housewife. It's comfortable for year-round wear and suitable at a business conference or a ball game. Most fine stores are selling B.V.D. Nylon Tricots in the popular colors—blue, tan, grey and white. Only two of these shirts are a complete wardrobe of shirts for you.

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unpredictable twists that can develop in Communist thinking.

My father had owned a ten-acre orchard in the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia. He died when I was thirteen and I stopped school and worked the orchard alone for my mother. I wasn't able to resume my education until I was twenty-one when I returned to school, graduating eight years later as a doctor. I had mentioned this briefly in a written account of my life which the Communists demanded months before. At the trial the judge noticed this. It seemed to impress him greatly and he questioned me at length about it. His thinking narrowly channeled by Communist philosophy, he couldn't see how a man forced to work at the age of thirteen by our "decadent capitalist system" could be an all-out capitalist. I believe this was an important factor in his decision to deport me from China, instead of imprisoning me indefinitely.

After the trial I was sent back to the jail for another two months before hearing my sentence. This period of imprisonment was far worse than anything I had experienced. I was in a cell about fifteen feet square that contained from seventeen to twenty-three other prisoners—all Chinese.

There was no furniture except a cupboard for our rice bowls and a covered bucket sitting in one corner—the bathroom. We slept on the board floor. I had a sleeping bag less than three feet wide, but when we all lay down there was only space for the bag folded in half. Frequently I would be awakened at night by another sleeper rolling over with his knees on my back.

There were two barred windows which contained no glass, yet often the air became foul with the smell of closely packed bodies. We were allowed out one at a time for a short period each day to visit the toilet, a cement-lined, outdoor ditch periodically flushed with water. Most of the time we were forced to use the bucket in the cell.

Here I received only two meals a day. Every meal consisted of a large bowl of rice gruel for each man, steamed bread similar to dark heavy dumplings, and a large bowl of vegetables, highly seasoned with red pepper or ginger, between every five prisoners. We were given meat only three times in the two months I was there.

Our days were filled mainly with a seven-and-a-half-hour daily session of Communist re-education. The constant and maddening repetition of Communist arguments and denunciations of

BITING QUERY

The ancient adage people cite,
"A barking dog will never bite."
I look upon with doubt.
When everything is said and done,
Can I be sure this proverb's one
That dogs have heard about?

—Richard Wheeler

and made preparations to leave China. Another two months passed before I was ready to go.

On the morning of Dec. 18, 1951, a dull overcast morning, I left Chongming by river boat with a guard still at my side. I had seen none of my friends for a year. My twenty-two years of effort for West China and its crowded millions ended without a single person bidding me farewell.

As the boat chugged downstream the last landmark to disappear was the grey brick hospital against the pines of the Yangtze's south bank. Under my direction it had been modernized and its capacity doubled so that it was one of the biggest and most up-to-date in West China. Even after the black tile roof and grey bricks had disappeared among the pines the hospital's position was still marked by a pin point of red against the green hills behind. I know the hospital's Communist labor union and Miss Fan's zealous Students' Youth Corps will be proud and happy to learn that the last I saw of the hospital which I must still refer to as mine was the red flag of Communist China which now flies above it.

Ten days later I was a citizen of the free and democratic world again in Hong Kong. I had never understood before how free that world really is. *

Thriller-diller Dessert!

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GINGER-CREAM DEVIL'S FOOD

1 1/2 cups cocoa
1 1/2 cups fine granulated sugar
1 1/3 cups milk
2 cups sifted pastry flour
or 1 1/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 tbsps. Magic Baking Powder
1/2 tsp. baking soda
1/2 tsp. salt
9 tbsps. butter or margarine
2 eggs, well beaten
1 1/2 tbsps. vanilla

Grease two 8-inch layer-cake pans; line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 350° (moderate). Combine cocoa and 1/4 cup sugar in a saucepan; gradually blend in 1/4 cup milk; bring to boil, stirring until sugar dissolves; cool thoroughly. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, baking soda and salt together 3 times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in remaining 3/4 cup sugar. Add well-beaten eggs part at a time, beat well after each addition. Stir in cold chocolate mixture. Combine remaining 1/2 cup milk and vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and vanilla and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven 40 to 50 minutes. Cover one layer of cold cake with the following Ginger-Cream Filling; let stand about 1/2 hour then cover with second cake. When filling is set, top cake (or cover all over) with whipped cream; sprinkle with toasted sliced almonds and chopped ginger; serve immediately.

Ginger-Cream Filling: Scald 1 1/2 cups milk and 2 tbsps. cut-up preserved or candied ginger in double boiler. Combine 1/4 cup granulated sugar, 2 1/2 tbsps. corn starch and 1/4 tsp. salt; slowly stir in milk mixture. Pour back into pan and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened; cover and cook, stirring occasionally, until no raw flavor of starch remains—about 7 mins. longer. Slowly stir hot mixture into 1 slightly beaten egg; return to double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, for 1 minute. Remove from heat; gradually stir in 1 tbsp. butter or margarine and 1/4 tsp. vanilla. Cool thoroughly before spreading on cake.



Who Is to Blame For The Foot-and-Mouth Epidemic?

Continued from page 9

Laboratory test was not taken. The Burns cattle also made an apparent recovery and the quarantine was lifted Jan. 17. Meanwhile Childs himself had come to Regina to address the annual meeting of the Saskatchewan Livestock Board on Jan. 15. He looked at the Burns cattle, which by that time seemed almost entirely cured, and he

left for Ottawa the day the quarantine came off.

But now the disease began to spread in earnest. It cropped up in a dozen new herds, most of them west of Regina along Wascana Creek into which the Burns plant sewage was emptied. Cattle were much sicker now, blisters were bigger, recoveries slower, the spread through individual herds much faster and more complete. Horses were still not catching it. Except for those "several vesicles on tongues and gums" of two Woss horses Dec. 8 not a symptom had shown on any horse.

People were worried by this. Farmers began asking if veterinarians were sure this wasn't foot-and-mouth disease, to which horses are immune. Vets themselves began to have doubts. One Regina practitioner says that Dr. Carlson, the government vet, wrote "more than once" to Dr. Childs urging that the diagnosis be checked in the Animal Pathology laboratory, which is at Hull, Que.

Childs stuck to the belief it was stomatitis. A private veterinarian in Regina quotes Childs as having said, about this time: "You boys are looking

for bears behind every bush." Questioned in Ottawa several weeks later Childs didn't recall having made any such statement. Neither did he recall that anyone, either orally or in writing, had suggested to him that the disease might really be foot-and-mouth disease and that laboratory tests should be made.

On Feb. 11 Childs left Ottawa on statutory leave, the first he had taken for three years. Next day Carlson telephoned Ottawa and spoke to Dr. O. Hall, assistant director of the Health of Animals Division. He thought someone from the Animal Pathology lab should come out at once to gather infected material for testing. The laboratory was busy and short-handed, so Carlson was instructed to gather the material himself and send it to Ottawa as fast as he could.

Meanwhile the disease had broken out again at Burns and Co. Carlson took fluid from three of their infected cows, sent it off to Ottawa where it arrived Feb. 16 and was immediately turned over to Dr. C. A. Mitchell for the laboratory test which would, and did, establish conclusively that this was indeed foot-and-mouth disease.

On the same day, Feb. 16, Childs came into the office to pick up his mail and learned what had taken place. He did not wait for a report on the laboratory test. Canceling his vacation he flew at once to Regina with his chief veterinarian, Dr. Kenneth Wells. They clapped a quarantine on nine municipalities around Regina—twenty-five hundred square miles—and closed the Burns plant. Childs then went back to Ottawa. Wells stayed in Regina to await the laboratory report. By this time neither he nor anyone else had much doubt what it would be. Wells, in particular, is said to have suspected foot-and-mouth disease several weeks earlier.

Laboratory tests were completed in the record time of eight days. The report: "Type A, foot-and-mouth disease."

Has there been any negligence in guarding against infection from abroad?

Yes. It cannot be proved that negligence in the Department of Immigration led to this particular outbreak. It can be proved nevertheless that this federal department has failed—and has failed for many years—to take precautions against the introduction of animal diseases from outside Canada.

Only eight diseases are considered to be possible weapons of biological warfare, and all eight attack animals—no known human disease is sufficiently infectious. Of the eight, rinderpest and foot-and-mouth disease are probably the most serious.

It was first believed, and later denied, that Willi Bruentjen, a German immigrant farm worker, brought the disease to Canada. This cannot be proved or disproved conclusively. But it is a fact that he left an area in Germany affected by the plague and came to the very spot in Canada where the disease was to break out, wearing the same boots. There is no other plausible explanation as to how the disease reached the Woss farm where Bruentjen worked. In the interval nobody checked Willi Bruentjen or any other immigrant as a carrier of foot-and-mouth disease.

Immigration officers have enlisted Health Department men to screen Europeans for personal health, and Justice Department men to screen for political purity. Apparently nobody thought to tell them, until too late, to watch out for these animal plagues as well.

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Is there danger that the disease has, or will, spread?

Yes—serious danger. Not until a year after the last infected animal has been slaughtered and buried can we be sure the plague has been stamped out.

This virus, the smallest known organism bearing infection, has more lives than an alley cat. It can live in a cool moist spot for nearly a year—longest measured period, three hundred and forty-five days. In the recent Mexico outbreak it flared up in Dec. 1950, a year after the last previous

reported case, and again in Aug. 1951. It's so hard to kill that U.S. scientists are not allowed to have it in the country even for research—all their laboratory work is done in Europe. If a cow with foot-and-mouth disease slobbers on a blade of grass that grass can infect a healthy cow months later.

This was the scourge that twice invaded the Burns feed lot, from which meat and live cattle are shipped via Winnipeg to eastern Canada. The infection may have arrived with Wass' five calves on Nov. 23. Cattle were moving freely out of the Burns lot for

MAN and his MATE

Cartoons by Peter Whalley



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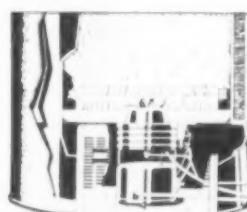
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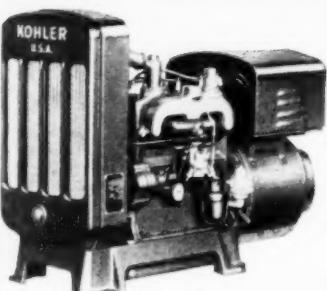
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more than a month after that before the first quarantine, Dec. 28, and for another month between Jan. 17 and Feb. 18 when the final general quarantine was imposed.

Luckily both these periods fall after the big autumn movement of cattle eastward. Almost all the live cattle that left Burns' lot were destined for immediate slaughter. Authorities believe they have traced every exception to that general statement. In any event, no case has yet appeared outside the quarantine area (not up to the moment of writing, that is).

But not until summer, at the earliest, can we be sure that some unlucky beast won't pick it up in a cattle car, a feed lot, an abattoir that housed infected cattle from the Burns lot. Cold weather will keep the virus dormant, but alive. Summer heat will kill it—provided a cow in eastern Canada or B. C. doesn't pick it up first.

How can we get rid of the virus in the infected places? And how can we tell when it's gone?

Until the frost is out of the ground we can't even start—a Canadian winter keeps it alive almost indefinitely.

But now that spring is here, every place that may have housed infected cattle must be cleaned thoroughly. All animal refuse, all straw, even soil contaminated with cattle urine must be scraped up, burned or buried. Barns that are definitely known to be infected will probably be burned to the ground—at least, the government's new compensation law allows payment for such destruction. Buildings, fences, and so on left undestroyed will be scrubbed and sprayed with two percent lye.

After disinfection the premises will be left empty for at least thirty days. Then test animals will be turned loose

NEXT ISSUE DON'T BET WITH YOUR WIFE

warns Robert Thomas Allen

MACLEAN'S MAY 1

in them for another thirty days—pigs, most likely, since they can be relied upon to root about and dig out infection that might be lying in odd corners.

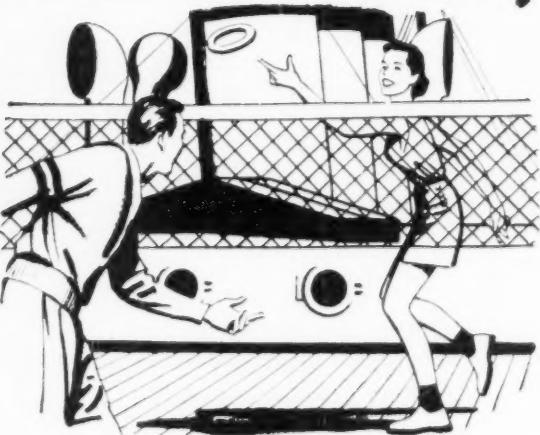
If no sign of foot-and-mouth disease has appeared in any of the test animals after thirty days the premises may be declared free of infection. Of course, the appearance of a new case at any point in the process would put the whole schedule back by weeks or months.

When can we hope for removal of the United States' embargo?

The earliest possible date, under present U. S. laws and regulations, would be sixty days after Canada's own Department of Agriculture has declared that foot-and-mouth disease has been eradicated here. It is conceivable, though hardly likely, that the Canadian authorities might declare the disease eradicated by midsummer this year. Theoretically that would permit removal of the U. S. embargo by late September.

Actually, even if U. S. authorities themselves were convinced the plague had been scotched, they'd be unlikely to give us a clearance in the middle of a presidential election campaign.

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That is no time to rouse suspicion among the farm vote. No matter what happens, therefore, it's almost certain the embargo will stay on until 1953.

Is there any hope the U.S. ban might be modified if it can't be removed?

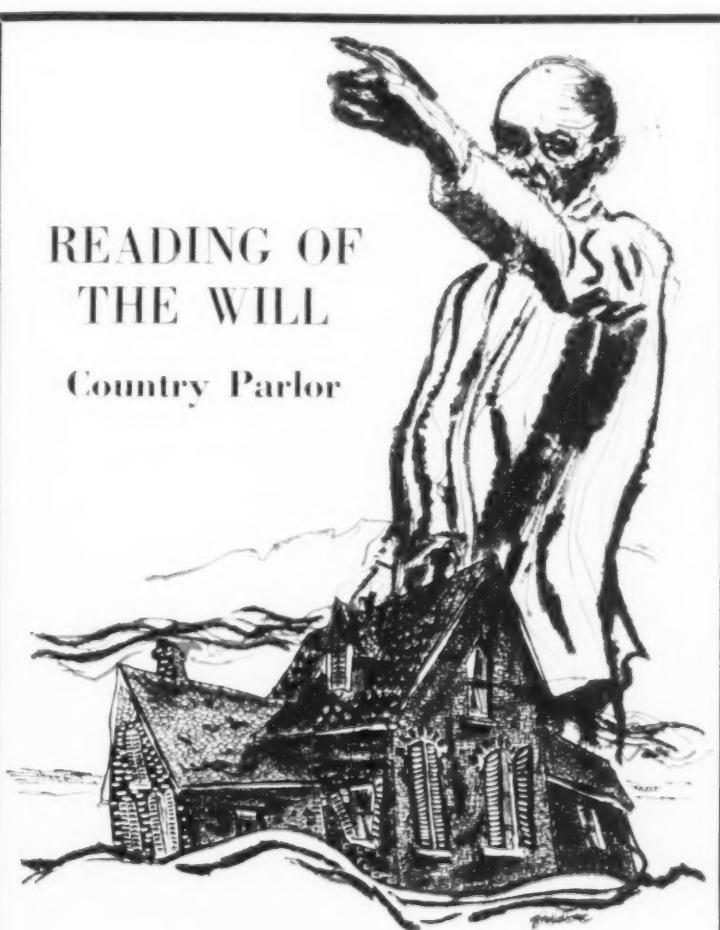
Not much. Canadian veterinarians are respected by their American colleagues and, for Canada alone, U. S. authorities might be willing to prohibit imports from infected regions only, and let the rest of the country trade freely. However, this would require an amendment to the law by both Houses of Congress—highly improbable in an election year.

Dr. M. S. Shahan, in charge of U. S. research on foot-and-mouth disease,

doubts that it would be done anyway. In Regina he told a Maclean's editor: "Congress will probably refuse even to consider lifting the embargo for parts of Canada. We could do it safely for this country, but we couldn't trust other countries with a similar plan. Argentina has been campaigning for this same thing for years. If we did it for you, we might have to do it for them."

One faint but fearful possibility is that the U. S. embargo might remain in full force indefinitely. Cattle-producing states have always pressed for exclusion of Canadian cattle and meat. Now that the embargo is on they might summon enough political support to make it stick—even after Canada has wiped out foot-and-mouth disease.

READING OF THE WILL Country Parlor



His will was less of a document,
Than a frank admission of his intent.

A final, vindictive sling and shot

At a world where his hopes had prospered not;

His will was his wish toward friend and foe,
"I want it thus! I shall have it so!"

They who were summoned to hear, heard true,
His voice made mock of them: "You and you?"

Pointing his finger, making them stare.
As if he were standing and speaking there.

So, listening while the lines were read,

They were put to a doubt that he was dead;

His will was a chilling testament
Of seventy years of discontent.

And after the reading, when, one by one,
The relatives filed out into the sun,

And breathed the air, they could not name
The pity they felt . . . and called it shame.

— Martha Banning Thomas

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What does all this mean to the Canadian economy?

Calamity. How great the damage is a matter of guesswork, but certainly it will be serious.

Loss of the export market itself will cost us about one hundred and twenty-five million U. S. dollars. That's only the beginning. If the Canadian home market has a surplus of so much meat over normal requirements there is no telling what it might do to domestic prices. A surplus of only ten percent might well be enough to knock the bottom out of the market.

Each year Canadian farmers sell about \$800 millions worth of cattle, sheep and hogs. The inventory of cattle alone on farms last year added up to \$1.7 billions. If meat prices dropped twenty percent that would mean a loss of about \$160 millions in farm income.

These losses would not be confined to the west, even though the disease itself may remain so. Last year's exports included eleven million dollars' worth of dairy cattle, mostly from eastern farms, and another eight million dollars in "purebred" cattle which presumably included both dairy and beef breeds.

Secondary impact of these losses in farm income will, of course, be felt everywhere. Fewer implements will be sold, therefore fewer made; fewer new suits, new automobiles, new anything you like, will be bought in rural Canada. There is really no end to the effect of a major blow like this, to any section of the economy.

Government spokesmen have already indicated that the farmer would not be left to bear the full burden of this disaster, but that means only that the taxpayer will take a share. If, for example, Ottawa decides to support the price of beef and pork the consumer will be paying part of his taxes to make sure that he also pays high for his meat.

Further complications are introduced by the internal embargoes which various provinces have placed upon meat from the prairies. Conceivably these could make meat fabulously expensive in the east and in B. C., and virtually worthless on the prairies. It's more likely, though, that compromises will be worked out to provide an evenly balanced supply at fairly stable prices across the country.

All this, however, is based on the assumption that foot-and-mouth disease is or soon will be under control. If it should get really out of hand and become endemic here as it is in Europe and Argentina the calamity would become a catastrophe. Export markets would be gone for good. Cost of cattle and dairy production would be at least

one third higher—that's the rough estimate of what this plague drains out of a country's herds all the time.

There is every reason to hope that such a disaster will be averted—if only because Canada would spare no expense, no drastic action to prevent it. But it may cost us dear before we are through with this fight.

Could the plague have been started by Communist saboteurs?

It could have been, although there is no evidence that it was.

Foot-and-mouth disease is of three types, similar in symptoms but differing in virus. Vaccines effective against Type A are no good against Type O or Type C, and vice versa. It's a fairly elementary guess that saboteurs would plant all three types at once to make control more difficult. All cases yet tested in Canada have been Type A. If Types O and C should show up, officials investigating the outbreak might revise their current belief that it was not an act of sabotage.

What effect will the epidemic have in Canadian politics?

One thing is sure—it will do the Liberal Government no good. If the disease should get out of hand and spread all over the country it is not fantastic to suppose it might bring about the Government's downfall. People are unlikely to weigh the fine points of fairness when they are as badly hurt as Canadians would be should this scourge become general and quasi-permanent.

In the more likely event that it is stamped out effectively this year the Liberals will probably be able to soothe resentment. They have acted decisively and effectively since the facts have been known. They will argue with some plausibility that no cabinet minister is to blame because one or more permanent civil servants, in technical jobs, make errors of professional judgment.

There's a little more to it than that, though.

It was no mere error of individual judgment that placed Health of Animals in one compartment, Animal Pathology in another; that left Immigration officers ignorant of what National Defense and Agriculture scientists both knew; that led officials in one government office to proceed as if they were operating alone and other government offices didn't exist. This is one of the defects of Big Government, here or anywhere else.

The Liberals aren't responsible for Big Government either, perhaps, but they've had the advantages of it. Now they're getting one of the disadvantages. ★

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WIT AND WISDOM

Stalemate — No one knows what happens when an irresistible force meets an unmovable object. But anyone knows what happens when a child tangles with an unbreakable toy. — *Kingston Whig-Standard*.

Beside the Point — The average man can't handle wealth, we're told. When did he get to try? — *Calgary Herald*.

Snowing Down South — Poise is what keeps a woman looking serene when she feels something is showing. — *Vancouver Province*.

Writing Home — "Dear Dad: Let's hear from you more often, even if it's only five or ten dollars." — *Capital Free Press, Fredericton*.

Too Bad About Joe — Why is it that some people, even when you let them in, keep right on knocking? — *News-Chronicle, Port Arthur*.

Alger Says — If at first you don't succeed, try a little ardor. — *Vancouver Province*.

Hidden Motive — "Which shoe do you put on first when you get up?" asks a psychologist. The nearest one. — *Kingston Whig-Standard*.

Broke to Boot — Many successful men have started on a shoestring; others have wound up taking a lacing. — *The Albertan, Calgary*.

The Cut — Clothes don't make the man but many men owe a lot to their tailors. — *Sudbury Star*.

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By Simpkins



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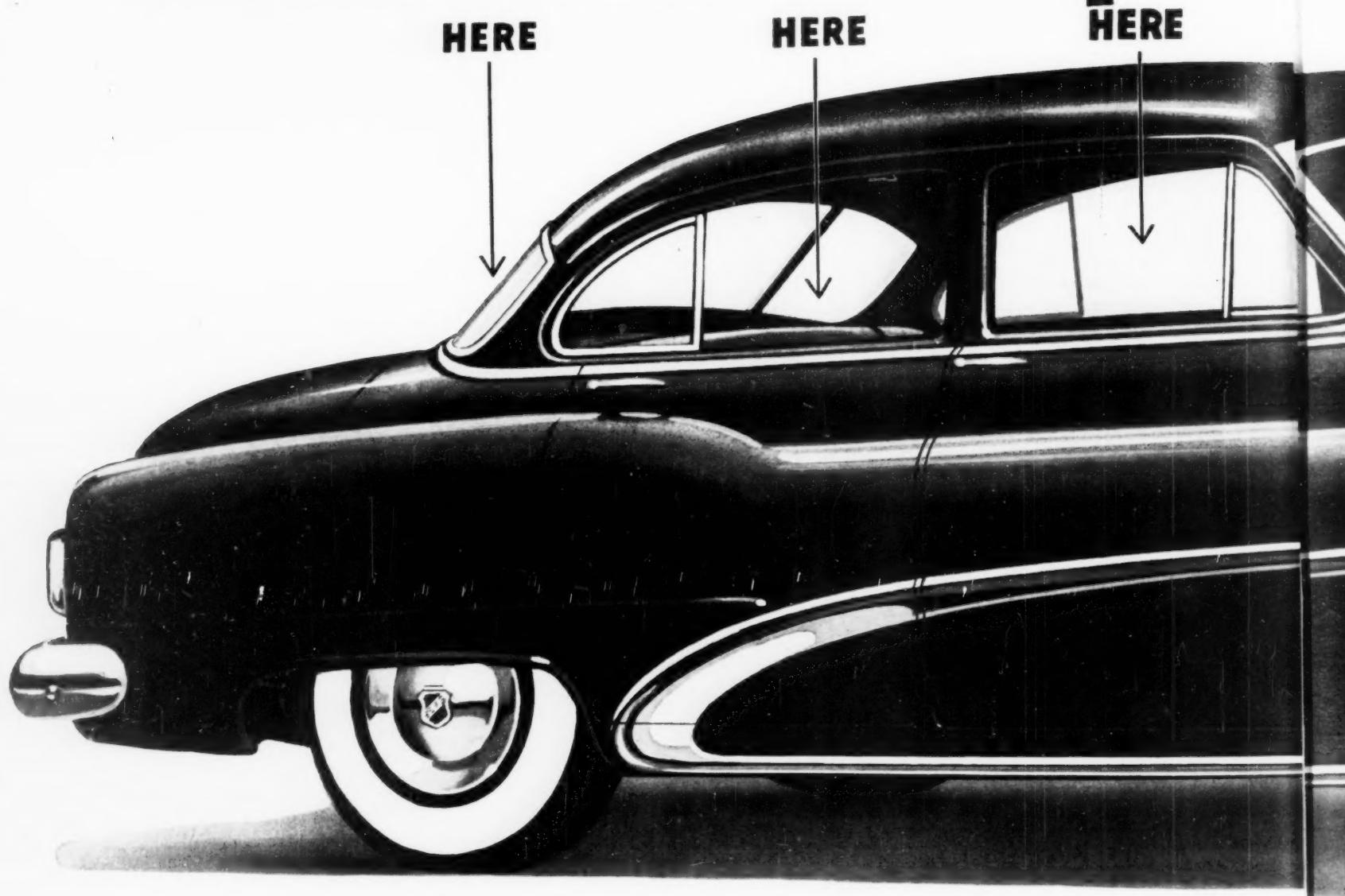
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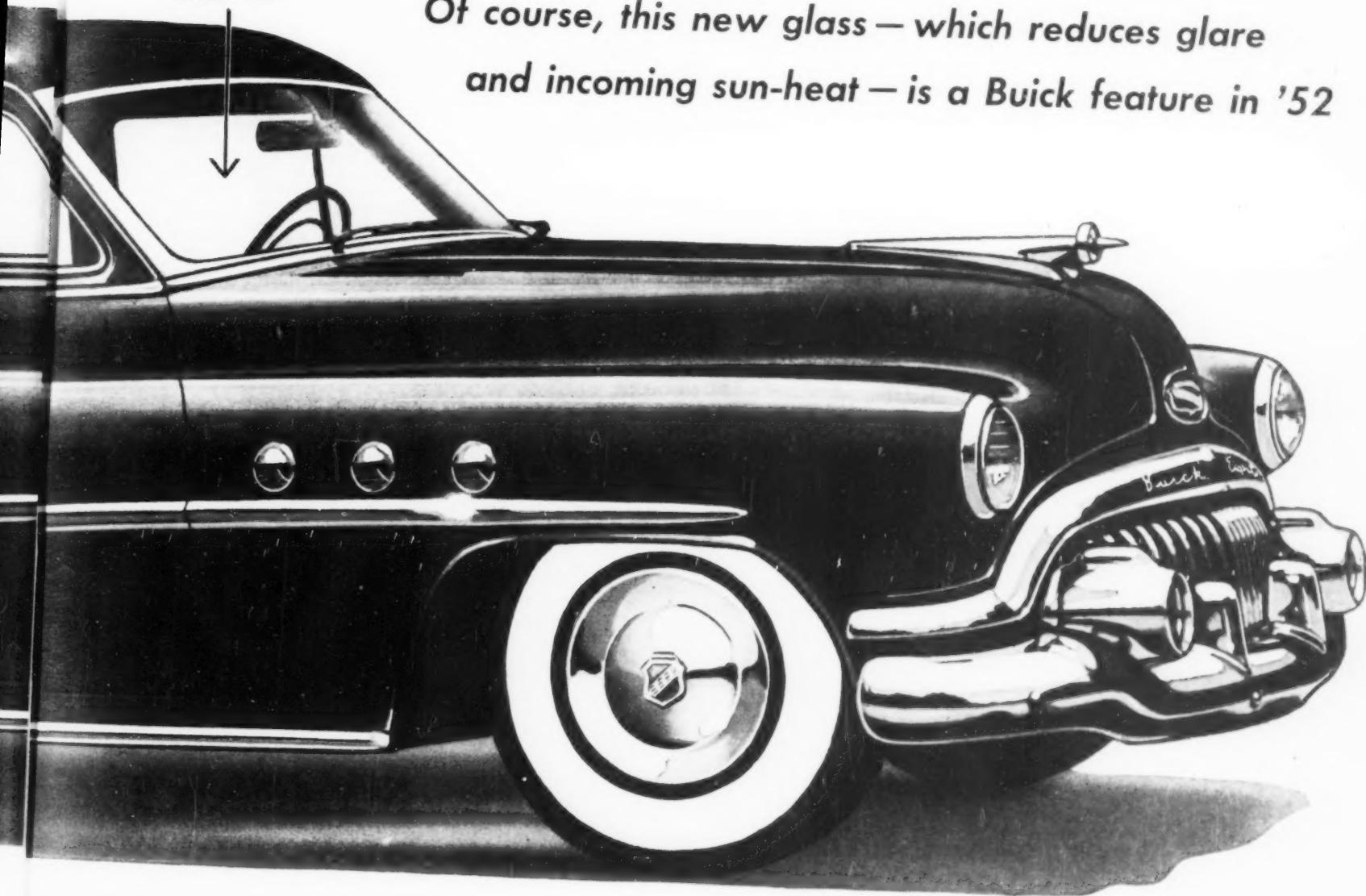
But this still leaves the other folks with a lot of catching up to do.

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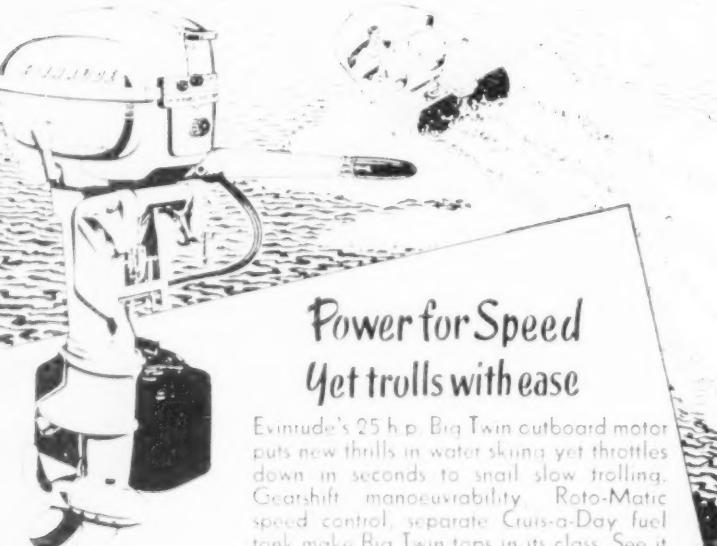
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THE SCHOOLS ARE FOR SCHOOLING

May I take this opportunity to compliment Dr. William E. Hume and Maclean's for the true-to-life and living article "Are the Schools Ruining Your Child?" March 1. I am in agreement one hundred percent.

"To spare the rod" in these fast-moving times is no way to try to solve delinquency problems. True, we need self-expression to put forth our very own ideas, but . . . there is a big difference between the person who knows and the one who only thinks he knows. Mrs. W. H. Rasmussen, Wetaskiwin, Alta.

● Our high-school son is a good example of the progressive method of education. From grade 1 up, school has been an irritant, something akin to pil. We believe his lack of interest in school subjects has been caused by the teaching methods. "Reading it over," he has discovered, does not fix a Latin vocabulary in his memory but he isn't trained in hard work so he shrugs his shoulders. Besides, he is confused by the words "tense," "number," "gender" and so on. Yet he has always brought home reports marked "satisfactory"; he wrote his grade 9 exams and passed with "A" standing. We, as parents, realize we have a tough salvage job on our hands. Mrs. L. M. Mullen, Calgary.

● May Mr. Hume's advice be listened to by our education departments so that our future children will not suffer from lack of knowledge and ambition the way the present generation does. E. H. Robertson, Vancouver.

● Hearty thanks. There is not an idea in the piece that has not been expressed uniformly hundreds of times by teachers in every Canadian school. Vito Cianci, Powell River, B.C.

● There spoke the voice of experience. W. S. MacLeod, Vancouver.

● Something that needed saying. H. A. Hansen, The Pas, Man.

● Bravo! Mrs. C. G. Nickirell, Pembroke, Ont.

● Electric! — John J. Ferguson, Toronto.

● Three cheers! M. Thomas, Montreal.

● A bull's eye! C. E. Pedersen, Kamloops, Sask.

● It was with regret that I noted a former inspector and teacher attack the schools of Canada in the most sensational manner. It revealed that the author had not gathered his facts very well.

I know that in Saskatchewan at least, the present curriculum tries to turn out the best possible citizens with "high moral values," honoring great men for "acts of selfless heroism," helping students to think analytically,

teaching youngsters to read, write and figure — these are still the main objects.

It may or may not be true that students are poorer at these basic subjects in some parts of Canada, but there are many more children attending school now, who in former days stopped early, and so comparison of the many now attending with the privileged few of a former day is hardly fair. What the schools need is an encouraging word, not a kick downward based on a slight knowledge of facts. C. H. Logie, Superintendent, Govan S. U., No. 29, Nokomis, Sask.

● I wish to repudiate the jaundiced attack on our splendid public and high schools by an embittered old man. — D. A. McColl, Toronto.

● It is too bad Dr. Hume's "non-progressive" education left him incapable of freeing himself from his prejudice against "progressive" education . . . a label he seems to attach to any system with which he is not in complete agreement. His article left me with the distinct impression that even if it were good he wouldn't like it. — Mrs. S. L. Richardson, Hampstead, Que.

● I am astounded and alarmed with Dr. Hume's article . . . he is making a case for the old and is not concerned with the truth about the new. If Maclean's fails to carry an article stating the case of the schools of now it will betray its sacred trust as a great national journal.

Has Dr. Hume ever been in a modern rural school? He is hereby cordially invited to spend a week with me, visiting the rural schools from which I retired as inspector at the end of August last. He need not fear that he will not be most courteously received by my "young barbarians." A. E. Nelson, Stratford, Ont.

● Because many readers may think Dr. Hume's article is discerning and authoritative a companion article should have accompanied this twisted and prejudiced presentation of "progressive education." I sincerely hope readers will justly assess the formulations of a man who says "learning is never fun" and wonder, along with me, why frequent contact with children has left him with this idea. He is guilty of misrepresenting the sincere attempt of sensitive educational leaders to consider why children learn and the consequence of early learning experiences on the future of the individual. Crosby B. Deacon, MD, Hamilton, Ont.

During the past two years Maclean's has published several articles on various aspects of progressive education, including: *Battles and Blunders in the Schools* Feb. 15, 1950; *Frustration Is Good For Kids* June 15, 1950; *Why Half Our High-School Students Quot* Aug. 1, 1950; *Let's Abolish Homework* Oct. 1, 1951; *Teacher, I Love You* Dec. 1, 1951.

A Defense of Drumheller

We came across the very interesting article, Dinosaur Valley (Jan. 15), in which we were led to believe that a description was being put forth of a typical nineteenth century Texas "cow town." On further investigation we discovered, to our amazement, that this was "our home town," Drumheller. We feel that Miss Moon's description of our "miniature Grand Canyon" would be more suitable as the setting of a cheap novel.

Since Miss Moon's departure (presumably 1910), the "wide unpaved streets" have acquired a layer of asphalt, the "typical low frame buildings" have sprung into many brick structures, and the "cowboys, rustlers, and most of the bootleggers" have migrated to greener pastures (Calgary). We would also like to know how our "semi-desert area" could suddenly acquire the necessary humidity to grow such semi-tropical fruits as "grapes,



melons, and plums"; how the wind, chinook or otherwise, no matter how forceful, could possibly pass over a valley over five hundred feet deep and miles in width. It just doesn't happen.—Joe Levesque, Gerald Deforcy, Jim Fyvie, Edmonton.

• Very inaccurate in two respects:

1. To liken this area to the Grand Canyon of Arizona is ridiculous, since the latter is more than one mile deep, from ten to fifteen miles wide, and more than one hundred miles long.

2. Through the mouth of a child the author suggests what Americans would do with such a natural wonder if they had one. The U. S. A. does have badlands of similar size and spectacular coloring in South Dakota, and slightly smaller but similar areas of badlands in western Nebraska, eastern Montana, eastern Wyoming and eastern Utah (dinosaur bones included). We have visited all these areas and they are entirely free of charge.—Mrs. James A. Longman, Chicago, Ill.

Aristocrats and Others

I enjoyed Ian Sclanders' article on Fredericton, The Aristocrat Under the Elms (Feb. 15) but was disappointed in the pictures. Surely in so beautiful a city you could have chosen something more pleasing to the eye than Phoenix Square, or something of more historic and general interest than the premier's home. M. E. McFarlane, Fredericton.

• Ian Sclanders asserts that the University of New Brunswick "has functioned since 1785 and claims to be the oldest university in Canada."

The University of King's College, N.S., formed as such in 1789, and with a continuous existence, may fairly claim to be the oldest university, not only in Canada but in the Commonwealth overseas, not having begun as a boys' academy as seems to be the case of the University of New Brunswick and Laval, and not having suf-

ficed any break in its continuous operation, as in the case of the University of Malta, which can actually claim an earlier date of foundation than either of the existing Maritime universities.—Canon A. S. Walker, Halifax.

• Although I thoroughly enjoyed the article the writer has made one big mistake—when he credits that city with having the first Anglican church, Halifax has the Church of St. Paul, founded in 1749, nearly one hundred years earlier.—Clara Davison, Vancouver.

The Riddle of Riel

I read with pleasure and interest W. O. Mitchell's article The Riddle of Louis Riel (Feb. 1, 15). Of special interest because I knew people mentioned in the article, to quote—"His dance ended in death with the whine of a bullet from Sgt. Stewart's rifle." Sgt. Stewart is my late father. The rifle issued to my father, a 40-44 Winchester, had part of the woodwork shot away by an Indian bullet. The shock dislodged him from his horse and one foot caught in the stirrup of the saddle. He was dragged and received an injury to his back which he carried to his grave.—W. J. Stewart, Ottawa.

• Your article smacks of French-Canadian and métis leanings. You have not hit on the real or fundamental causes of the Riel rebellion.

I am surprised at the way you have your knife in for Thomas Scott. Scott was the hero—not Louis Riel.—A. L. Robinson, Hamilton, Ont.

• The Riddle of Louis Riel is jammed with inaccuracies: i.e. "He appointed Hon. William McDougall lieutenant-governor and sent him west with powers to select his own council of fifteen." The official document says: "Submit the names of several of the residents of character and standing in the Territory, unconnected with the Company, qualified to act as Councillors, giving particulars respecting them, and stating their comparative merits."—I. A. McInnis, Regina.

• Mr. Mitchell could not be expected to resolve the controversy over Joseph Howe's visit to the Red River in a paragraph, but he is incorrect in stating that Howe "had a long talk with Louis Riel" or that he was "respected by Joseph Howe." Howe wrote to McDougall: "During my visit to the Red River I never saw Riel, Bruce, Father Ritchot, or any persons said to be the leaders of the insurrectionary movement."

Snow, not Dennis, was the surveyor of the Dawson road in 1868. Dennis did not arrive until 1869, and certainly did not sell land to Dr. Schultz, Lewis H. Thomas, Provincial Archivist, Regina.

• My father, the late Major Robert Dillon, led the party which rescued Mrs. Gowenlock and Mrs. Delaney after the Frog Lake massacre. When the rescuing party reached the captive women an Indian was measuring Mrs. Gowenlock's long dark hair! Miss May F. Dillon, Oshawa, Ont.

• The author is wrong about the monument at Riel's grave. It is not rusty colored, but is grey granite, and the inscription does not give the day of month. I have photographed it and inscription is: "Riel November 1885" Jas. A. Donaghy, Flin Flon, Man.

• Mitchell has one of his characters use the phrase G.D.S. of a B. It sounds a bit raw to me. J. L. Orme, St. Catharines, Ont. ★

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IN EDMONTON a woman shopper was hurrying to catch a bus when she slipped and fell, scattering her parcels on the sidewalk. As she picked herself up she was relieved to see a man running toward her. On his way past he shouted, "Hurry and pick up your parcels, lady. I'll hold the bus for you!"

Workers in a Brantford, Ont., refrigerator factory are in the habit of parking their bottles of milk on the windowsill outside to keep them cool and fresh for their midday break.

In a hospital at Campbell River, B.C., a patient who had been accidentally shot with a shotgun had a slug removed from his knee. When the nurse brought his morning orange



juice she handed him the pellet, saying, "Here's a souvenir for you." Mistaking it for a pill he promptly swallowed it.

When a First World War veteran checked in at a Vancouver military hospital the doctor suggested a hearing aid. The veteran was delighted: "At last I'll be able to go to our annual battalion reunion and hear the news from my old friends."

Weeks later he called for an adjustment. "Did you get to the reunion?" asked the doctor.

"Yeah," he answered gloomily. "Why, what's wrong?" asked the doctor. "Couldn't you hear?"

"Didn't miss a word."

"Then why so gloomy?"

"Well, doc, all these years I thought I'd been missing something. Then I found out that all they talked was the same old malarkey!"

The midget hockey team in the Alberta oil town of Stettler is sponsored by a Chinese restaurant proprietor who supplies the boys with uniforms, transportation and a hearty meal after each game. At a recent match the home team was trailing 3-4; the third period was well under way and the game looked hopeless. At last the sponsor leaned over the rail and called, "If you lose, ham sandwiches!"

The home team promptly scored a goal and the game was tied. At

the last minute the sponsor shouted, "One more goal gets a hot turkey dinner!" and the boys clinched the game 5-4.

A woman in Duncan, B.C., promised to supply cookies for a children's party at her church. Finding she had no time for baking she asked her husband to buy some animal crackers and drop them at the church on his way to work. When she got to the party she found, marked with her name but unopened, three large boxes of dog biscuits.

One rainy morning a commuter from Moose Brook, N.S., was reading his paper on the train. When the conductor called his station he grabbed the umbrella on the seat beside him and dashed for the exit. "Wait, that's my umbrella!" called the woman who had been sitting beside him. He returned it with apologies.

That night he decided to take home three family umbrellas which had stacked up at his office. His own was black but his wife's and daughter's were bright and obviously feminine. As he stepped on the train the first person he saw was the woman who sat beside him that morning.

"Well," she sneered, "you certainly did well for yourself today!"

At the wedding of a young Toronto widow her small daughter spotted



the groom at the altar. Heads swiveled around when the little girl broke the silence with a piercing whisper, "There's my daddy!"

Late one evening a man in Norwich, Ont., passed a very small boy walking alone. "Don't you think it's pretty late for you to be out by yourself?" asked the man. "Where are you going at this hour?"

"Down to the arena to watch my mother play hockey," replied the tot with dignity.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Death trap

YOU'RE ON top of it before you know it. Too late, your headlights pick up that break in the road. You cling to the wheel and hope for the best, which may be a broken spring or a blowout. The *worst* may mean your car lurching out of control . . . a crash . . . ambulance sirens.

The number of Canadians annually killed or injured in motor vehicle accidents makes a casualty list comparable to those of war.

On hundreds of miles of old highway, chuckholes not only exist but grow worse

year by year. A frost crack or a weak spot in the subsurface may be the start. The pounding of heavy vehicles widens and deepens the break. Good maintenance locates such places *before* they become death traps.

Highways in bad repair are a twofold menace. They threaten not only your own safety, but the security of the Dominion. A country is no healthier than its arteries of

traffic. And today, when Canada needs to be at full strength for defense and production, the improvement of present roads and the building of new ones are vital matters.

If you agree that safe roads are worth every cent they cost and more, give your active support to the program for better highways in your community.

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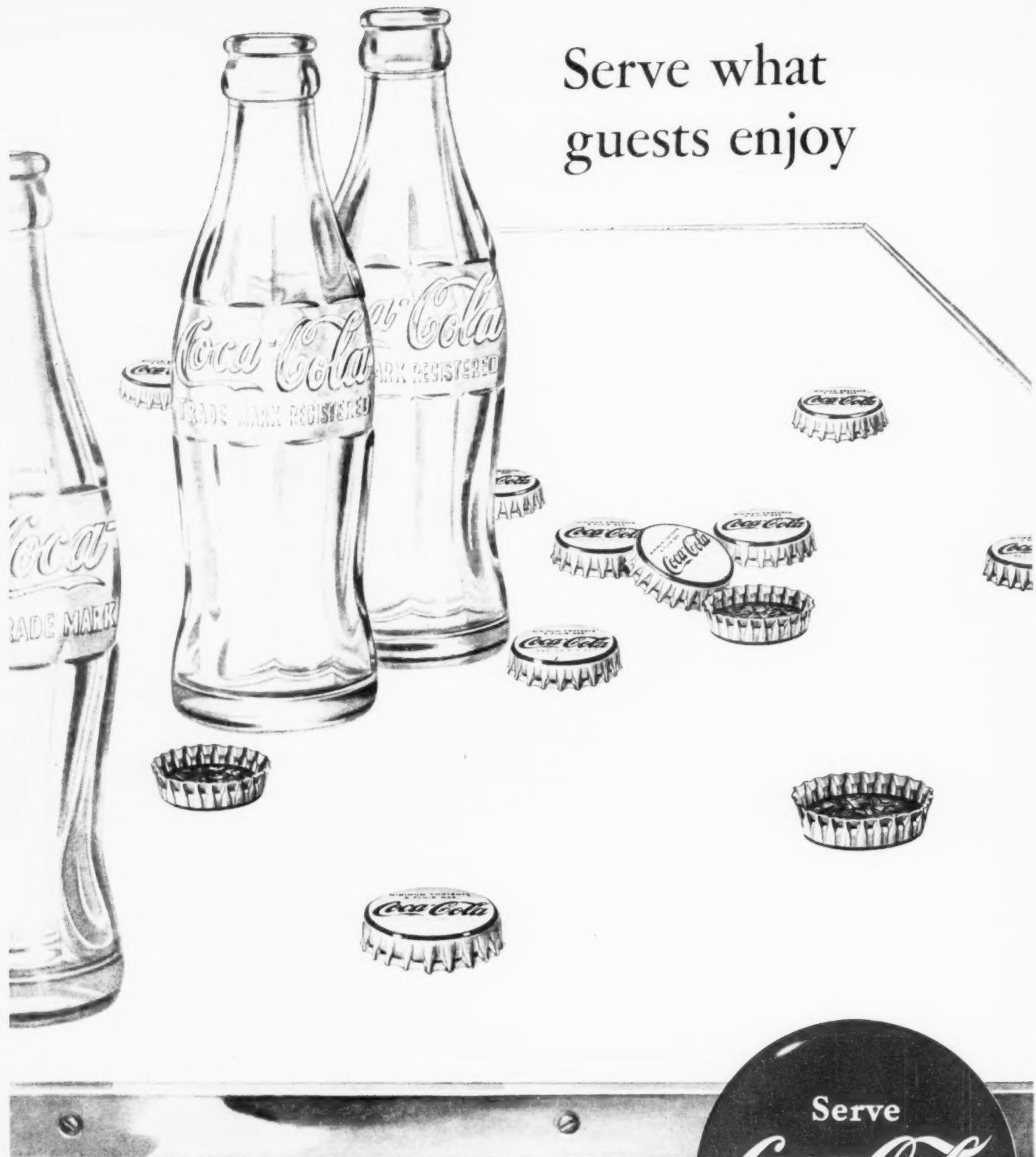
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